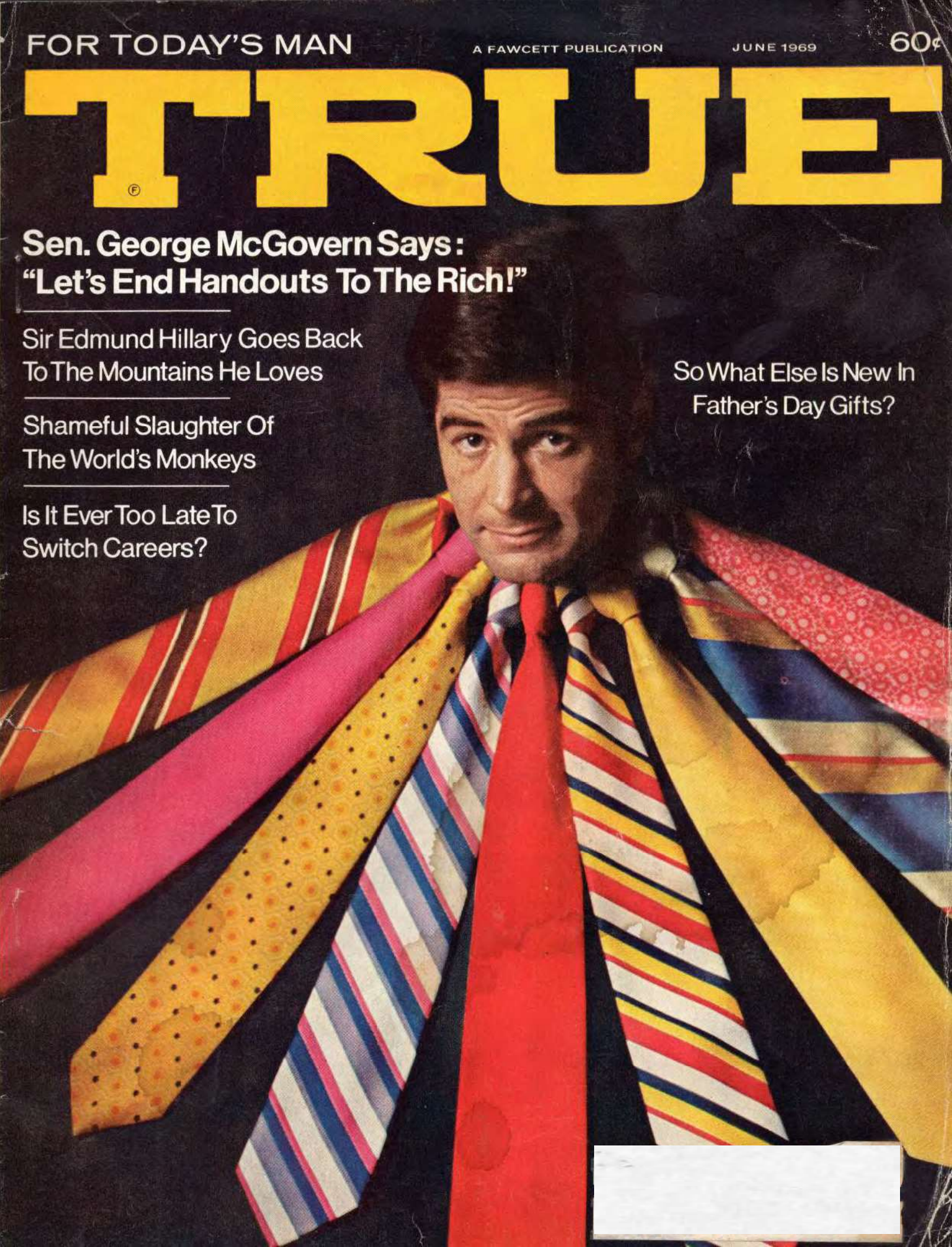
FOR TODAY'S MAN

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

JUNE 1969

60¢

TRUE



Sen. George McGovern Says: "Let's End Handouts To The Rich!"

Sir Edmund Hillary Goes Back To The Mountains He Loves

Shameful Slaughter Of The World's Monkeys

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TAX TALK

In regard to April's *In This Corner* article by Richard Henry—any slob who cannot undertake the responsibility of getting married and has to "live with and make the scene" with some equally dumb slob should NOT get a discount in taxes. And who says that every man's wife sits home on her duff all day?

If you pay $300 a month for a one-bedroom apartment, all furnished and with no household expenses, lawn care, new furniture to buy, or clothes for your kids, then it's I, not you, who should get the discount. You'll find out, buster, when you get married, but until that time please inform me which airline you fly for because I don't want some nut like you flying my family or myself around this country.

—Greg James
Grand Forks, N.D.

If you would just keep your pants zipped up long enough to get married, you would learn the expense involved in supporting a wife. You would also understand why this is an allowable tax-deductible expense.

Who pays for the support of your present offspring? Taxpayers like you and me, so have your fun and shut up.

—Betty Schmid
Decatur, Ga.

MEDAL WINNERS

Toward the end of the article, *How the U.S. Got Che*, in the April issue, Andrew St. George makes the statement that Pappy Shelton was awarded the U.S. Joint Forces Commendation Medal and that this is as high an award as can be presented to warriors in undeclared wars.

Might be that I overlooked it, but when did the U.S. declare war against North Korea and North Viet Nam? Yet many of our warriors involved in this fighting have received awards that are no doubt higher than the one Mr. St. George mentions.

—R. A. Presas
San Antonio, Tex.

WHERE NOW, DIX/HART?

Glad to see there are still some adventurous types around, as in your April picture story, *To the Roof of Peru*. Those four young mountain climbers sure show that you can still find your kicks in the outdoors if you're willing to look.

What are they doing now?

—Fred C. Gallagher
Chicago, Ill.

Paul Dix and his coauthor, Roger Hart, whose name was inadvertently left off TRUE's article, are still in South America, photographing carnivals.

CLEAN CAMP

Having just read your April article concerning national campgrounds and how they're becoming slums, I feel obliged to speak up for Connecticut campers and especially for those of Hammonassett State Park. I have lived there every summer for 17 years. The campers there are among the friendliest and nicest people of Connecticut. Most equipment is neat and kept clean with very few exceptions.

Perhaps had your author explored the campgrounds internally and the camping equipment himself, he would have seen excellent camping facilities, clean trailers, tents and portables. In the whole park, the one area even a little bit overpopulated has been renovated into neat circles and expressly designed for short-term camping.

—Jeffrey Barske
North Haven, Conn.

NOW HAIR THIS!

In your March article, *What Will Your Employer Say About Your Hair?*, Mr. Gunther quoted Dow Chemical, Union Carbide, First National City Bank of New York and every conservative organization devoted to money and war and then asked what *they* thought about hair.

Unfortunately, he left out creative professions as well as humanitarian ones which leads me to believe that if you are judging man and his job on this basis, vive the long hair!

—Mrs. Liane Mosher
Cornwall Bridge, Conn.

Whatever else a young man with long hair may be, he is not likely to be a great or famous athlete. Yes, I know long-haired Samson was a champion strong man. But times change. Today, in any language, long hair and beard, plus sweat, spell a discomfort not likely to be endured longer than it takes to get to a barbershop.

—Oscar Dillard
Arnoldsville, Ga.

The article, *What Will Your Employer Say About Your Hair?*, gives the employer's point of view, which we feel can be helpful in assisting young men to find employment.

May we be given permission to reprint the article for use by the California State Employment Service offices? This would be for the purpose of advising job applicants on how to find a job. We are hopeful that coming from a publication like TRUE, some young men will realize what a barrier long hair can be in getting hired or keeping a job.

—Joan Burkan, Manager
Youth Opportunity Center
California State Employment Service
Alhambra, Calif.

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FLIGHT CONTROL

Evidently the person who did not have the courage to identify himself in *Truely Yours* in the March issue must have realized his own lack of knowledge of air-traffic control, or the problems encountered from the cockpit.

I had around 1,500 hours flying in the Navy during World War II as an airborne radar operator in a patrol squadron hunting subs. I also possess a pilot license and have better than 20 years with the FAA as a controller, of which a good portion has been at high-density radar-controlled airports.

First of all, the radar in use today does not give altitude information, so a pilot using a cockpit type as suggested would be dodging every target on the scope. Even though it could be several thousand feet above or below, the rate of closure could be in excess of 1,000 mph. And what happens when he arrives at an airport; who is going to give him his landing sequence?

Also, all electronic equipment is subject to failure. Can you picture the sheer panic that would result in the cockpit if the aircraft equipment failed! At the speeds aircraft fly today even the "see and be seen" visual type separation is not adequate, thus positive control of all aircraft by radar in an airport control zone is a must.

—Doug Peterson
St. Petersburg, Fla.

TIPPING

The article on tipping by Ralph Schoenstein (*In This Corner*—March) is well written and quite reasonable. I would like to ask him to start an antitipping club which I would be glad to join. . . .

—John Stefanuk
El Paso de Robles, Calif.

Hooray for Ralph Schoenstein (*Let's Kick the Tipping Habit*)! It's about time someone has taken a stand on this issue. . . .

—Mrs. R. Gill
Fairfield, Conn.

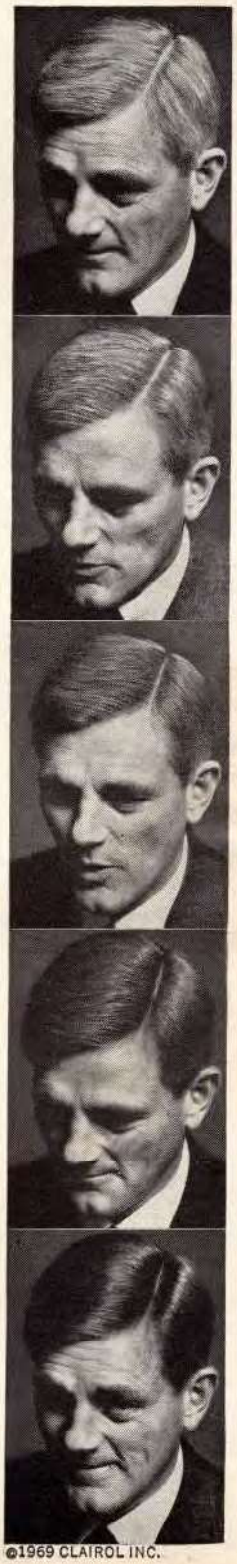
I agree that we should discontinue tipping . . . I am a cabdriver. People who work at jobs where tips are expected are universally low paid. Proprietors of such businesses should raise prices so they can afford to pay the employees a decent wage and tell the customer to keep his damn tip. Too many customers today are getting so sophisticated they feel embarrassed to leave a small tip and they can't afford a large one, so they compromise and leave none.

The tip was originally conceived as an inducement to better service. But the consuming public has so abused the expectation of a tip that the public servant now half expects to be insulted for his efforts rather than rewarded. (I've had dime tips flipped on the seat; today I even got a penny tip on a $2.50 fare.)

So complain all you want, Mr. Schoenstein, about poor service; but don't blame us—blame the people I described.

—Thomas L. Clark
Hoffman Estates, Ill.

Get rid of the gray gradually, the way you got it. Who'll know?



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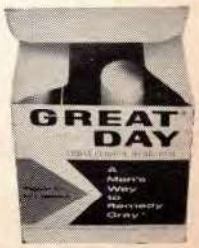
So get rid of the gray gradually with Great Day. And all you'll want to keep under your hat is the secret.



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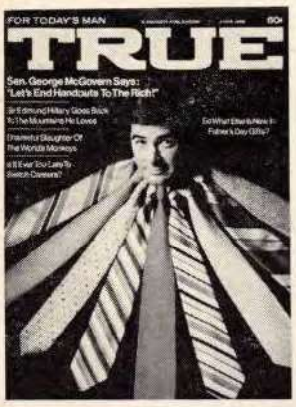

JUNE 15: A DAY TO REMEMBER

MAY 15: A TIME FOR A REUNION

It may be a Father's Day cliche that all anybody ever gets is neckties. True or not, and we doubt it, the fellow on our cover this month would appear to be the victim of a massive case of gift duplication. Lest any of our tie-manufacturing friends get the idea that TRUE is antinecktie, however, let us set the record straight: we think it is a particularly good year to give the old man some new cravats. They're wider and bolder and groovier than ever now and Father ought to be encouraged to quit wearing those old straight-and-narrows of yesterday.

We have, we hope, a rather special dinner date in London on May 15, but as we are writing this in late March we don't know, to put it bluntly, whether our guest is dead or alive. A year ago, on May 15th, we were dining with literary agent George Greenfield and a 29-year-old seaman from Downe, Kent, who proposed to set sail within a few days on a solo, nonstop voyage around the world. Few would have recognized Robin Knox-Johnston's name that night; fewer still would have taken seriously his chances of surpassing the great Sir Francis Chichester; yet today all England, most TRUE readers and much of the rest of the world knows about Robin's heroic adventure. Unhappily, we also know that after nearly 15,000 miles of sailing, our man has been unreported for over four months. He may, of course, even as these words are being written, be sailing on towards our agreed upon, one-year-later rendezvous at the Empress restaurant in London. We hope so. He is one of that rare breed of men who *dare*—and yet do not think of being praised for having done so.

We had spent several days with Robin on his boat where it was tied up in the maze of the East London docks. This is a dismal section of the great old city's waterfront, an area once almost totally devastated by Hitler's Luftwaffe and never entirely rebuilt. Most London cabbies don't want to take a fare out there—and those who will often get lost. It is a flat, bleak place, its weedy vacant spaces cut up by various waterways and canals and these bordered by lumberyards, warehouses, ship chandlers and other maritime enterprises. In the midst of all this, looking curiously small and helpless, we found Robin's 32-foot boat. The weather was cold and raw and when we arrived Robin was alone, working on rigging, and waiting for a new aluminum mizzenmast to be delivered—that is, if the lorryman, as he is called, could ever find the place. It seemed Robin could use a hand, even an unskilled one such as ours, so while we worked together on the boat, he summed up why he thought he could be the first man to do this thing. "Well, there it is," he said, "somebody's going to do it and it should be an Englishman."

When we suggested, on May 15, that he take a break and come in town for dinner, Robin apologized that he didn't think he would have any proper clothes if he came directly from the boat. We tried to reassure him on this matter and eventually he found a tie to wear with his blue work shirt. There were a few paint spots on his trousers and his hands bore the cuts and stains of work, but his jacket was a fine British woolen and, what the hell, after a few whiskies, we all felt as if we were dressed like Lords anyway.

"I'm not afraid," said Robin, speaking of the 10-month trial he was about to embark upon and we thought then there would be no need to worry about this lad. Today, apprehensively, we are not so sure. (See page 30.) The sea is great and Robin's boat was small. Perhaps, by the time you read this, we will have good news and be on our way out to England's west country to see him home—and to keep that date on May 15 after all. . . .

Sir Edmund Hillary, the conquerer of Everest, is better known for climbing mountains than for navigating rivers, but when we learned, more than a year ago, that he would be going back to Nepal for a jet-boat exploration of the wild Sun Kosi, we wanted to be in on the enterprise from the beginning. (The result is Hillary's own story and pictures on page 40.) Later, when Sir Edmund and his Lady passed through Manhattan on their way home to New Zealand, we arranged to meet for lunch. As it was some distance from the hotel to our dining room, we started to hail a cab, but Hillary stopped us. He'd rather walk, he said, striding off through New York City with seven-league steps. We tried to lead the way for him like a good Sherpa.

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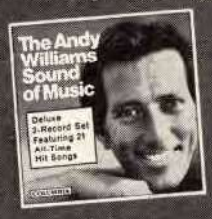

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TRUE FOR TODAY'S MAN

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'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

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VOL. 50 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 385

MAN AND HIS MONEY

HOW MUCH MEDICAL INSURANCE DO YOU NEED? By Penelope Orth

■ Nothing is more disagreeable than getting sick, except perhaps paying for it. But we all have to be prepared, especially nowadays. In the last 10 years the cost of medical services has risen more than twice as fast as other costs. Some families have been virtually wiped out by the expense of a major illness. It would seem a man has to be filthy rich, lucky or insured to be immune to a similar fate. Few of us are filthy rich and luck has a traveling habit. That leaves insurance.

About 83 percent of Americans are covered by some form of medical insurance, for which they paid almost $14 billion in premiums in 1967, the latest year for which figures are available. Is it worth it?

One would have to give a qualified yes. Some people get bilked. They get talked into buying two insurance policies which duplicate coverage, and they pay twice for the same protection. Or they take out an individual policy when they can get much lower rates through a group plan. Or they may think they are buying adequate insurance when they're not. Worst of all, they may buy insurance through the mail from a company that is not licensed to practice in their state and discover that to collect they have to take the case to court.

There are easy ways to avoid mistakes like these, and as long as you do, medical insurance is a real value, even a bargain.

It is not enough to know what to avoid, however. To get a good value in insurance you have to know what kind you need and how much coverage is appropriate. Here is a brief description of each kind of health insurance:

Hospitalization insurance is issued by Blue Cross and more than a thousand independent insurance companies. Blue Cross plans vary from place to place. Often they pay room and board for semiprivate accommodations (a two-bed room) and all usual hospital services such as operating and recovery rooms, drugs, medicines and anesthetics. They pay for these services in full for a minimum 21-day hospital stay and in many places for longer. Insurance companies provide flat benefits of from $5 to $50 a day for a visit of from 70 to 365 days and pay additional benefits toward related hospital expenses. Maximum surgical payments, where plans provide them, are from $300 to $600, depending on the operation.

Physicians' insurance is issued by Blue Shield and independent insurance companies and is usually combined with hospital-surgical coverage to provide what the industry calls "basic protection." Physicians' insurance pays a flat rate for doctor's visits in the hospital and sometimes in the home or office too. The rate it pays, however—from $3 to $7 a visit—makes a poor start at covering the doctor's actual fees, and some people question its value.

Major medical insurance is designed to meet the expenses of a major illness and covers everything the doctor orders except normal maternity care. It is a deductible policy, which means you pay a first-dollar amount of $250 to $1000 and the insurance picks up 75 to 80 percent of all costs above that to a maximum of from $5,000 to $25,000.

Comprehensive major medical combines basic protection and major medical in one policy so that the first two in effect pay the deductible and then major medical takes over.

Disability income insurance is intended to replace income if you become unable to work because of sickness or injury. Benefits are usually about 60 percent of income, and they start after a waiting period, usually seven days.

To ask what kind of insurance is best is like asking what kind of house is best: the answer depends on who is going to use it. For the sake of simplicity, let's talk about three different men.

Henry is a 30-year-old bachelor who makes $8,000 a year in a small canning company. Out of his income, he can easily afford the $20 his doctor charges for a checkup every two years, as well as the $5 for a tetanus shot when he stepped on a rusty nail last spring. Henry's concern is that he may have a major accident or become seriously ill for a couple of months, which would most certainly eat up the $1,000 he has managed to save and would quite probably cost more.

As most companies do, Henry's employer offers medical insurance to workers at group rates. The canner, however, is not as generous as most companies, who either pay the premiums for their employees or split the costs with them. Whatever Henry buys he has to pay for himself, but he pays less through the group than on his own.

Henry has taken out a major medical policy of $10,000 with a $500 deductible, for which he pays $143 a year. He passed up basic protection because of the higher premium costs. Besides, he is in good health and takes care of himself pretty well.

Henry's brother Sandy is 34, married, and the father of two small children. He makes $11,000 as an automobile salesman. Insurance tables show that with Sandy's young family, his medical expenses will be greater now than at any time in his life.

Sandy needs all the insurance he can get, because the odds are that while growing up his children will require some hospital and surgical care, if only for a simple appendectomy. And there is his wife to think of, too—even if she doesn't have another baby, statistically she is more than twice as likely to require hospitalization in the next 10 years as Sandy is.

The automobile company pays Blue Cross and Blue Shield for employees and their families, and offers optional major medical and disability income. Sandy subscribes to "the Blues" and in addition pays $235 for a $15,000 major medical policy with a $500 deductible, plus $48 for two-year disability income. His medical insurance bill is big enough to figure in the family budget.

Sandy's major medical contract is a per person, per illness policy with no internal limits. To translate: per person, per illness means that the deductible is applied to each new illness any member of the family may get before payments start. Most major medical policies are like this. A few are written on a calendar year basis, which means the deductible is paid only once per person in a calender year. This kind of policy is pref-

erable, but it is not widely available. Internal limits are maximum amounts the insurance will pay for any one service, but because medical costs are escalating, the amounts might be too low near the end of the contract period, and so a policy without limits is better.

Henry and Sandy's father Roger is 59 and sells mutual funds. In 1968 Roger made $22,000. His expenses are relatively low, since the mortgage has been paid off and his sons, Sandy and Henry, are self-supporting. Roger has been investing in mutual funds and the stock market so that if he is disabled, he will still have an income.

Roger has two major assets to protect: his house and his investments. In case of a serious illness, these assets could be jeopardized, so he has taken out a $20,000 major medical policy for himself and his wife—illness at their age is expensive. He took a $1000 deductible for which he pays $230 a year.

Roger debated buying hospital-surgical and physicians' insurance to take the sting out of his high deductible and finally decided not to. Since he doesn't belong to any group, premiums would cost him either around $300 for Blue Cross-Blue Shield or, worse, over $400 through an insurance company. In three hospital-free years, Roger would save enough in premiums to cover the deductible. He was willing to take the risk.

Your needs probably are not the same as any of these men. But their range of income covers many cases. If you choose well, as these three men have, you will be getting a good value for your money in this gambling game where you are betting against yourself. ■

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True Views

THE LIVELY ARTS

ROMEO AND JULIET HELP BRIDGE THE GENERATION GAP

■ First I saw the strange photo in the paper and then my son said something about it. That's how I went to see the film *Romeo and Juliet* after telling myself I wouldn't have any more to do with her, a ninth grader not yet 14, nor him, a few years older. For two reasons. The *R&J* ending is contrived, hokey. And I felt bruised hearing about the latest slide down Generation Gap. I knew nude kids were horsing around in this love movie and I simply do not trust kids to know how to appreciate the victory in the battle for sexual freedom my gang (I'm 44) fought. I could only end up as Mr. Hypotenuse (the sum of all squares) or a truck-garden-type dirty-old-man. Then I saw the photo in the *Times* and my son said something.

The photograph was of four girls leaving the movie, part of a high-school group being taken to see *R&J* for English Lit credit. The expressions on their different faces sent the same message—profound, angry and hurt grief. The strange thing was that their faces were high school but their grief grown-up.

I asked my 17-year-old son if he had seen the flick. He straightened up all of his 200-pound six-foot-three, cooling me by about eight inches, a maneuver he likes to employ when preparing to widen the Generation Gap, and he politely replied, "I just can't talk about it, okay, Pop?" Soon thereafter I got myself to an afternoon show.

A ganglia of high-school girls was leaving as I arrived, ignoring me and the traffic and the day's rain as it spotted their blue and white Catholic uniforms. *Catholic?* Yes. So the publicity flak about nude lovemaking was just another con. Okay. But these girls were walking along in small private groups looking at one another, silently, as if thinking about the same thing. What?

Well, it was not about the ending. It is still hokey. Friar Lawrence could have camped in the tomb to make sure there were no slipups. And it really does not matter. By the end of the film you know that the violence of the parents—their old feud—and their thoughtless laws are going to hit the kids right where we all live, the kids who are what everyone wants teen-agers to be. Romeo is a wholesome long-haired swinger whose enemies even say he is a solid citizen. We first meet him sauntering up a street nuzzling a wild flower and mooning about love. Two girls near me in the balcony moved in their seats when they saw him and glanced at each other approvingly.

Juliet, perfectly played by 15-year-old Olivia Hussey, is a sweet dum-dum almost too ready to kowtow to her parents. She is shy at the big family party, the kind of shyness that often comes to very good, very innocent girls with very large breasts. Yet she is fey, as if tuned in on all sexual power—hers, yours, mine—without knowing or flaunting it.

All of us have seen movie people fall in love-at-first-sight a million times, right? Well, love-at-first-sight never has been pictured properly before. (Maybe once before, when King Kong first sees Fay Wray.) In *R&J* neither one of them knows what is going on while we, looking on, are both happy and sad, without knowing why, that they have found each other. *Without knowing why?* Exactly. You forget you know the story. (The name of that game is Art.)

You forget about Tybalt, Juliet's trouble-loving cousin who generates violence wherever he goes. Although Romeo wants peace he is forced to fight and so kills Tybalt in a fierce kid fight and afterward the grown-ups will not listen. The grown-ups whose love of violence has caused the killing will not listen to their young who are good and love life. So good kids trying to be good get smashed by bad parts of the system. That's half of what the young get from this true movie. The other half comes from such things as the balcony scene, a ha-ha put-on for the last 400 years. Here, Juliet, her cleavage beginning to show, hugging Romeo, full of girlish giggles and ancient passion, gives the scene newness and a poignant glow. No wonder the audience cheers when Romeo swings from a tree like Tarzan, hooting with joy after his first true look into his girl's eyes, into eternity.

They are proper citizens. They marry. Havoc happens. The carefully crazy world of their violent and deaf parents seems designed to separate them. They have their first and only night together. And here is the nudity.

She, on her back, is asleep under a sheet. He, his arm over her covered breasts, is asleep on his stomach, naked, outside and on top of the sheet. Aroused, he puts on his lower clothes and then lies down again, sleepily nuzzling her. Suddenly she realizes it is dangerously past dawn—her husband is an outlaw—and flinging the sheet away, she slips on her dressing gown and pushes him out of bed. Love and marriage have made ninth grader into girl-woman. For one brief instant, as she puts on her robe, we see her girl-woman breasts flash by.

By H. E. F. Donohue

There is too much pointless nudity in too many films, much of it cruel and coarse. But in this film I wish, I dearly wish we could have seen more of the two of them giving themselves to each other naked and unafraid because their love made them unashamed. At least, this dirty-old-man says, I would like to have seen more of her.

For the rest of the movie we are stunned. Director Zeffirelli stuns us with the tomb scene showing all the Capulets who have died recently, and not so recently. Another stunner comes when Juliet awakens to find Romeo dead, and to find that his "father," the drug-dealing monk, has goofed and run away. (Her "mother," the nurse, already has double-crossed her by suggesting she lie to everyone and be married to two men at the same time.) We see in Juliet's face the way things are when young hopes run into stupid obscene old death.

By this time, even before Juliet leans down onto the knife, the two girls next to me have joined others crying. I am not crying because I realize I am hurt. I am hurt because these two beautiful people cannot stay married and in bed. Since I'm hurt I'm also angry. The hurt resigns me to some things. The anger makes me alert. Then I realize the combination of all these feelings would put an expression on my face similar to those on the faces of the girls in the photo which got me to come to this film in the first place.

Thinking of this and hearing the girls next to me crying, I handed them a pocket package of paper tissues. When the lights went up I turned to see what they looked like. Both were blondes and both were pretty, the taller one more than the other, and both were about 19. They tried to return the package, but I shook my head. "We're sorry for the crying," the prettier one said. "Why?" I said, adding, "It is so very beautiful." The look they both gave me made me regret I did not ask them across to the Plaza for tea, but I will always remember their sweet agreeing and agreeably feminine understanding laughter.

That day was also one of my divorced-father visiting days. My 17-year-old Sam Huff was alone with me for a minute. I had the *R&J* souvenir program with the naked newlyweds on its cover, and he saw it.

"Wudja think of it, Pop?" Offhanded, flicking through the pages, uninterested, indifferent.

"It knocked me over," I said. "Over, down, and out."

"I'll tell you something," he said, looking away. "I almost left that freaking movie because I couldn't bear to see that sweet chick die." He looked around and down at me. "You really liked it, huh?"

"I liked it," I said. "I liked the love parts best. They seemed like great people in bed."

"You're learning, Pop," he said, beginning to punch me, an intimacy we had not had for weeks, punching me fast and lightly, making me tighten up the gut and the arms and the neck. "You're a square—*pow, pow!*—and a dirty-old-man," he said, closing up as I started going under and in at him, getting in good shots at his floating ribs and his kidneys, "but—*zap, bam, bang!*—you're learning, Pop," he said, "you're learning!" ■

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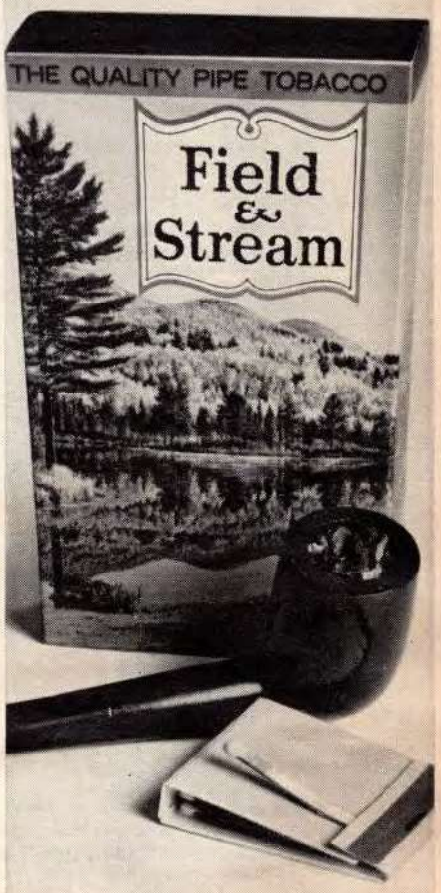

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Opinion

IN THIS CORNER

SAVE OUR TOWN DUMPS! By Jerome Beatty, Jr.

■ Well-meaning Americans have in the last few years directed their efforts toward cleaning up the countryside. "Don't be a litterbug" has become a part of the language. Lady Bird Johnson's Keep America Beautiful campaign enlisted many talented men and women and was a noteworthy achievement. But, as in the case of so many idealistic movements, things seem to have gotten out of hand. I kept silent when they fenced in the classic automobile junkyards, but now I must speak out. Do-gooders are planning to abolish the town dump, and *they must be stopped!*

The town dump is a vital heritage, going back to the very first refuse pile established by the Pilgrims, I believe, in 1621. Today, unfortunately, modern living means that in many cases you place your garbage cans out front and that's the last you see of the garbage. (Sometimes it's the last you see of the cans.) But a large percentage of our suburban and rural population disposes of its own refuse. Door-to-door collection is nonexistent, or selective, or privately contracted. As a result many citizens often drive to a designated area with their garbage, old newspapers, busted furniture, cider jugs, tree trunks —anything they want to get rid of. They are fortunate, for in doing so they are not only taking part in a time-honored ritual, but they are enriching their lives in various ways not open to those whose trash is taken away from them. To these dumpers, wading through ankle-deep refuse and breathing the odor of burning garbage is enlightening.

Puzzled Americans who often ask, "Whatever happened to the old values?" could do worse than to seek them at their town dumps. People who haven't time to go to PTA meetings or cast ballots in local elections will religiously attend affairs that sprout at the refuse heap. In a little town near Boston, Saturday mornings at the dump are lively. Everyone brings his own drinks, and after tossing the rubbish down the hill, people crack open a thermos of martinis or Bloody Mary's, sit on station-wagon tailgates, and have a party. "It seems to be the only way we can get together," was the explanation given to me.

In my own case, I can remember trying to get together with my insurance man to sign some papers. Our paths seemed destined never to cross, until we discovered that we had one habit in common. "See you at the dump Saturday," he phoned, and there I signed on the dotted line.

As Robert Frost almost wrote, "Good dumps make good neighbors." A couple of years ago a stranger approached me at the dump in Roxbury, Connecticut, where I had disposed of stuff from the attic of the family homestead, which had been sold. He held out his hand.

"I was a good friend of your father," he smiled.

After a pleasant chat, I asked him how he knew me.

"Oh," he explained, "I recognized what you were throwing away."

Another example of camaraderie occurred one summer when I was rummaging about at the Chatham, Massachusetts, dump. A terrific-looking girl rode in on a bicycle. And she was wearing a bikini. She threw away a bag of garbage and then started hunting for something to read. I helped her find some magazines, which she took with her to the beach. The cleanup drive would take experiences like this away from us.

There is more than just trash disposal involved in this matter. The reason I was kicking things around in Chatham was that I was searching for some outdoor furniture. I found a folding deck chair which we still have. On it is an inscription I carved: *Chatham Dump—August 10, 1963.*

There are always connoisseurs at work in junk piles that, at first glance, seem worthless to the untrained eye. The rule is that almost everything has some value to somebody, and the town dump is where supply and demand meet in the truest sense. In addition to perfectly good lumber, and furniture, there are always things like toys, frying pans, lamps, rugs and many more seemingly unwanted items that scroungers grab eagerly. This is dumpsmanship, a skill that takes time to master.

In my travels, I have found genuine pride on the part of local citizenry. Shortly after moving to Mashpee, Massachusetts, I stopped at a general store and asked the proprietress for the location of the town dump.

She took on an injured expression and reprimanded me: "We call it the disposal area."

Sure enough, when I got there, a handsome sign so proclaimed it. I drove in, tossed out a load of junk and started home. I had gone about a mile when a siren sounded, a red light flashed, and the fire chief pulled me over.

"You get right back there and put things where they belong!" he told me.

That was when I learned that in this village, at least, trash is classified. I had thrown Class C stuff where Class A goes. I had to relocate it while the chief stood over me.

This is the same kind of love of dump that caused a guard in Norwalk, Connecticut, to halt me at the gates once. (They have street collections there but they are fussy about what they pick up.) He went through the disreputable pile of things in the back of the station wagon and removed several items. No one believes me, but he said, "These are not good enough to go inside."

In Kennebunkport, Maine, dumpologists have designated the disposal area as a historic site, so to speak, and have done their best to attract a clientele. I am the proud possessor of the Dump Credit Card, issued by the Kennebunkport Dump Association, according me "national dump visiting privileges."

Like the redwood forests, it takes generations for junk heaps to mature, and like other precious resources, man will destroy them if conservationists don't step in.

The town dump is as American as a throwaway apple-pie plate and, as the domino theory holds, if we lose one we shall lose them all. Let us pledge ourselves to fight on. In the words of one heroic warrior, "Don't give up the dump!" ■

WHEN NOT ENGAGED IN THE ACTIVE ART OF DUMPSMANSHIP, IN AND AROUND CAPE COD WHERE HE LIVES, JEROME BEATTY, JR., IS A FREE-LANCE WRITER AND ALSO A CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF "SATURDAY REVIEW."

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MAN AND HIS HEALTH

OH, FOR A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP!

■ In most of the frenetic Western world, one person out of four suffers from insomnia. But in the U.S.A., originator and headquarters of the rat race, it's one out of two, because of the way we work and live—against deadlines and airplane schedules and sales-quota pressures, under increasing responsibility, and constantly exposed to instant bad news. It's fairly certain that well over half of the readers of TRUE are unwilling members of this Big-Eye Club at some time during every year.

Some say more women suffer from insomnia than their husbands, but certainly the men in this stressful society are catching up. While there are a few cases in childhood and adolescence, insomnia is not a characteristic of the young. It strikes most often when men are old enough to be taking on added burdens of decision-making responsibility both at work and at home.

Some men suffer only sporadically, for a few nights or a month, then fall back into a normal sleep pattern when a period of unusual stress is over. But for others, insomnia becomes lifelong. It is far more common among men who ride a swivel chair than among those who ride cow ponies, among those who draw plans showing where to dig ditches than among the men who dig them.

Of course insomnia may result from a fever, pain in a broken limb or injured joint, or many more serious illnesses. But insomnia is not itself a disease—it's usually a sign or symptom of guilt, tension or anxiety. So it usually has no long-range effect on your health; the only dangers are that exhaustion may make you more accident-prone (especially while driving!) and perhaps more liable to infections.

A man who lies awake most of the night, and perhaps the next night as well, may expect to get so tired that soon he'll sleep like a dockwalloper. But too often it doesn't work that way. He's getting just enough sleep to get by—like a peasant in a drought-stricken land who gets just enough food to save him from death by starvation.

Of course, to get a good night's sleep, the external factors have to be right: the room has to be at the right temperature, it has to be adequately ventilated, the weight of the covers and the softness of pillows and mattress must be to your taste. If one partner is a restless sleeper, some couples do better in twin beds. Electric blankets should have dual controls. There must be no burst of sunrise striking your face. But these are externals, mostly under your control.

One reason there are so many remedies for insomnia is that none is universally effective, and this is because of the variability of the internal factors. Some British doctors have despaired of ever finding a widely useful remedy and describe insomnia as an automatically self-limiting disorder for which they will prescribe nothing. Their reasoning: when the victim is sufficiently worn out, he'll sleep! The *Merck Manual*, a desktop guide often consulted by U.S. physicians, doesn't even mention insomnia in all its 1,850 pages. Although there are changes in your heart and breathing rates, and in your blood pressure and blood chemistry, during the night, research doctors have found no clear link between these changes and insomnia.

Your insomnia may take one of three forms (and you may suffer from two or three forms at different times): (1) you have trouble falling asleep, but after that you can sleep through; (2) after a short, sound sleep, you fall into an off-again-on-again pattern of sleeping restlessly in snatches, or (3) you sleep soundly for two to four hours, then can't get to sleep again.

In the first case, the diagnosis is simple—you can't relax—but the condition is hard to treat. And the sad truth is that you have to find your own relaxing method. Chances are that you're not physically tired but are mentally uptight. So get yourself physically tired. An hour or so in a gym or playing ping-pong in your basement may do the trick. If you have a dog, take him out for a 10 o'clock run—and run him until *you're* tired and breathing hard. Then, a nightcap or a warm drink, and you'll probably sleep. A warm tub bath may help.

If these techniques don't work, you may be forced to use drugs. The most commonly prescribed sleeping pills are phenobarbital and other barbiturates. There's nothing harmful about taking a barbie, or one of the competing non-barbiturate sleeping pills provided that you take only the one or two that your doctor prescribes, and take them only for as long as he prescribes them.

Other drugs are gentler, though not quite so surefire. Many people find that a simple antihistamine like Benadryl will put them to sleep. A good case can be made for some of the "mild" tranquilizers, such as meprobamate (trade-named Miltown and Equanil). A related chemical, also used as a muscle relaxant, is carisoprodol (trade names, Soma and Rela). Since so much of the insomniac's trouble is muscular tension, it makes sense for a doctor to prescribe one of these to break your tension cycle.

If none of these palliatives does the trick, you may have to see a psychiatrist to get some resolution of your underlying emotional problem.

Falling asleep but then not staying asleep presents a different problem. You fall asleep, naturally tired, and not consciously aware of any pressing difficulties. But you wake up, perhaps after a disturbing dream, perhaps for no apparent reason. You may drop off after a few minutes, only to be reawakened by a recurrence of the same dream. If you don't know what woke you, you lie there trying to figure it out—and that's a really sleep-destroying exercise.

In many cases this broken sleep pattern can be mended by one of the longer-acting barbiturates or one of the mild tranquilizers. But doctors know less about broken sleep than about the commoner form of insomnia.

The third pattern of insomnia, early waking, is as frustrating as it is puzzling. If you wake at 4 a.m. and "just know" that you can't get back to sleep, what is there to do?

First, get rid of the idea that you have to get eight hours' sleep in one stretch. Until well into this century, millions of sailors stayed healthy on a schedule that gave them slightly less than four hours sleep twice a day. Second, don't take a sleeping pill at 4 a.m. or later. It may not work and is almost certain to leave you groggy all morning. Third, don't lie there fretting, but get up and do something useful. True, you'll feel sleepy early that evening. But don't go to bed much earlier than usual. If you get really "bone tired," you may sleep through. If not, get up and work again.

Remember: eight hours' sleep is a fetish, not a law of nature. You may not need more than six or seven. If you've just had that much, don't waste the next hour bemoaning that "lost hour." If you use it right, it becomes an extra hour that you've found. ■

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IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

WHY THE OPEN WAS CLOSED TO SAM SNEAD By Ron Smith

■ Samuel Jackson Snead grew up on a chicken farm in the hills of West Virginia. When he could find a pair of shoes that fit, he came down from the mountain to see what he could see. What he saw was a chance to make money playing golf.

Slammin' Sam won tournament after tournament. He also lost tournament after tournament. Mostly it was the U.S. Open he kept losing.

The Slammer spent a lifetime coming close but never finishing first in the Open. Once he was ahead until the final few holes. Another time he needed only a par to win. Instead of a par, Sam hacked his way from tee to green in eight heartbreaking shots.

But the Open that rankled Snead most was the one he lost in 1947 at the St. Louis Country Club. It was the kind of thing that might have caused Sam's hair —had he had any—to turn gray.

Sam went slamming along on the back nine of the final round. Then he faced a nerve-jangling 20-foot putt for a score of 282 and a tie for the title with Lew (The Chin) Worsham. The putt plopped in and the following morning Sam and The Chin started out on an 18-hole play-off.

The match was tighter than Sam's pocketbook. Every time Sam hit a good shot, Worsham hit one, too. When they reached the 18th hole, they still were tied. Worsham was on the edge of the green and Sam was on the green, 25 feet away. Worsham chipped to within less than three feet of the cup. Sam putted and the ball died just short of the hole.

Sam strolled up to knock in his putt. He was already thinking of the next 18-hole play-off when he heard The Chin's voice. "Just a minute," crackled Worsham. "What makes you think you're away? Maybe I am."

It was a slip of The Chin's lip. Under the rules once a player began to putt out he was entitled to finish. Snead insisted he was within his rights. Worsham wanted a measurement.

A measurement it was. Isaac Grainger, the match referee, did the measuring. Then he did some more measuring. Finally he announced that Snead's ball was 30½ inches from the hole. Worsham's ball was 30 inches away. Sam was told to putt.

Fuming and flustered, Snead came unsprung. His concentration had been shattered by the incident. He hovered over the ball for a long, long time. Then he stabbed at the putt—and missed. Worsham didn't miss. The ball rolled in and The Chin grabbed the championship.

Slammin' Sam won more golf tournaments than any man in history. But never the one he wanted most. And it's things like this that kept the Open closed to him. ■

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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

and here's a man's way of looking at it

TALKATHON

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration recently spent $6,800 to find out what any politician could have told them for nothing: if you outtalk everyone else, you will become a leader, even if you don't know what you are talking about. The study was conducted at the University of Tennessee; it found that students who monopolized conversations but were never correct in their statements were selected as leaders of their discussion groups more often than quiet students who were often correct.

Of course, the results weren't truly scientifically based, since the students were all female—a very variable variable, statistically speaking, especially when the subject under study has to do with talking. On the other hand, when you look at some Congressmen....

LIGHT UP

If a car comes toward you in broad daylight with parking lights on, the driver isn't necessarily absentminded. He may be lit up to lessen the likelihood or seriousness of accidents.

The trick worked so well in a year-long test by the Port of New York Authority that the outfit's entire fleet of cars is being fixed so that parking lights go on automatically whenever the ignition is turned on. Cars lit up in daylight had 18 percent fewer accidents than unlit cars and the percentage of rear-end accidents was cut almost in half. Also, when accidents happened they were generally less severe. Any driver can flick on his parking lights but he has to remember to turn them off when he stops.

WIND SPRINT

Middle-aged men who take up jogging don't get the best physical fitness returns for their efforts, in the opinion of Dr. Albert Ferguson, Jr., a Niagara Falls orthopedist. Why not? Well, he says that jogging is a nice, simple, relaxing exercise but it doesn't provide the maximal stress necessary for really toning up the heart and circulatory system.

A better way is what he calls a "wind sprint." Once a day, sprint as fast as you can until you have to stop because you run out of wind. The distance run should suit your individual capacity.

WATER BABIES

Couples who want to produce a boy baby should sell their household water softener. That's not our advice. It comes from William Lyster, an English statistician who, in the fashion of his trade, makes staggering inferences about what "statistics show." Lyster made a five-year survey of Lancashire towns and villages which switched from soft to hard water. Lo, the hard-water switch was followed by a jump in the ratio of male to female births. It's not necessary for a statistician to explain cause-and-effect sequences, any more than two astrologers have to agree on your horoscope.

CHOW LINE

G.I. chow isn't generally rated as gourmet fodder, but at Lowry Air Force Base in Colorado a part of the dining facilities serves up foreign dishes which prove that foods don't have to be Frenchified with sauce Béarnaise or truffles to be great. The international food line at Lowry was started to make the many foreign students at the base feel at home with meals they were accustomed to, and became so popular that it now serves some 150 diners a day.

We looked over some of the menus and realized that the gourmet mystique doesn't depend nearly so much as you might think on far-out ingredients like plover, caviar, or bird nests. In fact, the international foods so popular at Lowry are whipped up by William J. Scott, chief cook of the foreign food line, from the same basics used in conventional meals—like beef, fish, chicken and such, about as foreign as Joe's Diner in Peoria. It's the preparation and added materials that make the foods definitely different.

For one thing, every meat dish is thoroughly seasoned with hot pepper. A prime favorite with customers is the Korean relish, kimchi, which, it seems to us, any man can prepare in his own kitchen to astonish his friends. Here's the recipe: cabbage, onions, garlic, red pepper, salt, water, paprika and ginger root—all well rotted.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

For $5 a year men who lose credit cards can report their loss to the Hot-Line Credit Card Registry Service which will immediately notify the credit card companies by telegram and get the owner off the hook.

An Illinois realty company has been rebuffed in its efforts to get a license to do business on the moon.

Richard Slater, of Palmdale, California, had a tiger in his tank, but he wasn't too happy about it. He's an aircraft mechanic, and a 35-pound wild cat decided to take a nap in a fuel tank of a disused plane he was working on. The cat's rude awakening left Slater with badly mauled arms.

The most ardent love letter of the year was sent by Stanford University student Paul Marienthal. He placed a note at a girl's door, weighted down by a lighted candle; it burned down, set fire to the note, the carpet and the door. The girl was frantic, but not burned up. **THE EDITORS**

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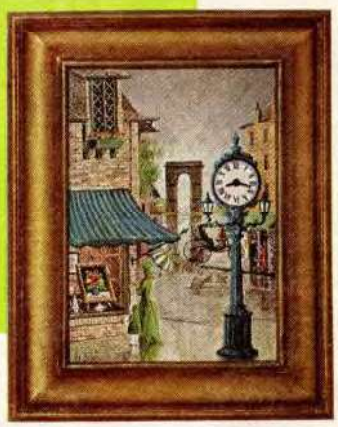

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BY SEN. GEORGE S. McGOVERN

Scrutinize the poverty program, of course, says the senator—but how about also taking a hard look at the billions in subsidies and tax breaks that the U.S. gives to the wealthy?

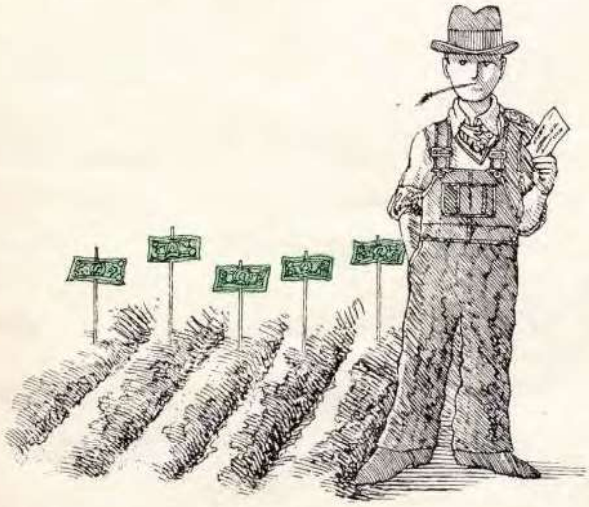
Let's Stop Handouts To The Rich!

illustrated by chas b slackman

Corporate farms and defense contractors live

■ Early this year, many Americans affluent enough to have their names on a select mailing list received an expensively printed brochure from a respected New York financial counseling corporation. It was entitled *Tax Breaks That Lead to Executive Wealth* and listed on its cover 21 tax loopholes designed to help those in the upper-income brackets avoid paying the full amount of their taxes.

Among the more intriguing titles offered by the counseling firm were: "The family setup that pays college tuition with tax dollars," "Save taxes now with gifts effective at death," "Tax free life insurance for



executives," and "One way to split income with your children for tax savings." Details were available at a price that many subscribers would find tax deductible.

All of the methods suggested by the firm are quite legal, and they represent just a few of the many tax devices that have been set up to benefit the rich. Not surprisingly, these benefits multiply as the tax bracket of the recipients goes up and the number of citizens eligible to revel in them decreases.

But tax loopholes are only one measure of the government's concern for people who are more than able to take care of themselves. The tax advantages are supplemented handsomely by direct payments both to these same privileged people and to the businesses they control. The total cost to the nation is a staggering sum. A compilation of all the subsidies and all the tax concessions would equal or exceed the total collected by the federal government in income taxes. It is, without question, a case of government dole for the well-to-do.

A national clamor has been raised over programs to help the hungry, and indignation rages every time a child in a rotting tenement is found to be getting more than his meager allotted share. The real scandal in this country, however, lies in the handouts to the rich, which amount to many times the $3 or $4 billion it would cost to see that hungry Americans get enough nourishing food to escape permanent mental and physical handicap in childhood, have the health and vigor to work and make a contribution to society in their adult years, and to be free from want and malnutrition when they grow old.

If the American people were aware of the full impact of giveaways to the rich, and if they were to receive the same publicity that is given the puny dole afforded fatherless children, the public outcry would compel speedy and drastic reform. Unlike programs for the poor, which are subjected (quite rightly) to never-ending scrutiny, the tax breaks and payoffs to the affluent are seldom discussed.

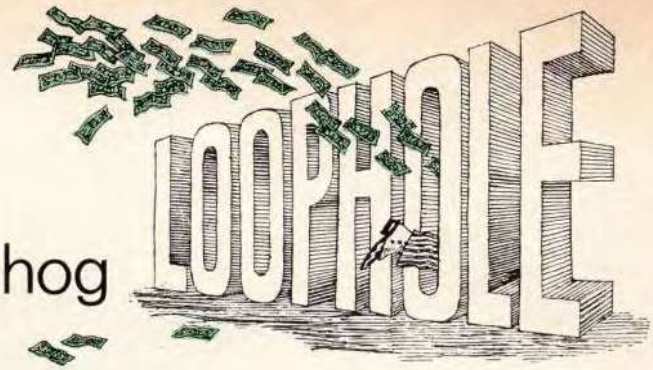
Critics of aid to the poor insist that federally funded programs weaken the moral fiber of the needy. Although few are willing to say that subsidies have weakened the moral fiber of the rich, one must wonder about the fiber of a nation whose priorities show such contempt for human values.

Once established, these handouts tend to perpetuate themselves and to expand, helping the rich get richer.

Take aid to farmers as an example. In the 1930's, when the Depression gripped the nation, there was genuine fear that poverty would destroy the family farms, which had been a strength of the nation since its founding. More and more small farmers were going bankrupt and trekking to the cities, where they tried to find jobs in industry.

Limitations on payments to an individual farm operator have been rejected in Congress repeatedly, although the large Treasury checks are now making it possible for large operators with huge power implements to buy and close out the family farmers origi-

high on the government hog



nally intended to be helped. Advocates of putting a ceiling on these payments believe $200 million to $400 million could be saved by limitations which would not seriously effect any needed production control.

Government programs were started to limit production, avoid great oversupplies and maintain reasonable market prices. Over the years they have helped many small farmers survive in agriculture, but they have helped large factories-in-the-field even more. One out of 50 farmers is able to gross $100,000 a year or more, but such farmers get one-fifth of the acreage diversion and price support payments. One big corporate farm in California drew more than $4,000,000 in 1967. The top 25 farm giants that year drew $22,766,943 from Uncle Sam.

It is virtually impossible to measure the real cost of such programs. It is known that the nation paid $3.5 billion in direct farm subsidies in 1967. But no one can be sure how many small farmers were pushed off their land because of it, and what the eventual price to the taxpayers will be in terms of added welfare costs in the cities, and programs to train these former farmers for jobs in industry. Moreover, there can be no price tag on the human suffering and the destruction of hopes and spirit.

The similar amount of tax revenue is being drained away by wealthy urbanites who go into farming. They build up cattle herds, citrus groves, farm buildings or any other capital items they can on a current expense basis, deductible from high-bracket nonfarm income as expense. Later, they liquidate these improved and accumulated farm holdings and pay taxes on a capital gains basis at a maximum 25 percent rate. There is a potential $450 net tax savings for every $1,000 of ordinary nonfarm income taxable at 70 percent, which can be converted to a capital gain at the 25 percent tax rate.

The *Wall Street Journal* reports a growing number of urban investors who can appropriately sing a new parody of an old song:

I'm a rich cowhand of the Wall Street brand
And I save on tax, to beat the band.
Oh, I take big deductions the law allows
And I never even have to see my cows
Yippie-i-o-ki-ay!

In 1966 there were 680,000 taxpayers who deducted $1.036 billion of farm "losses" from their nonfarm income for tax purposes.

In the state of California where the Department of Agriculture estimated total net farm income at $896 million in 1965, income tax returns filed by her residents reflected instead a total net loss of $6 million from farming including $42 million supposed loss by the "farmers" residing in metropolitan Los Angeles, the movie capital.

The oil capitals and financial centers all have their tax-loss farmers, too, including a large majority of all people with million-dollar incomes, whose apparent ineptitude at farming grows in proportion to their income.

Now consider what happens to the billions that the taxpayers pay out for research. Before World War II, firms doing research for the government normally turned the results of their investigations back to the government for federal use. Then it was decided—amid considerable business pressure—that allowing the companies to patent the products of their research would add to their incentive. This has now become the general rule on military research contracts.

As a result, the public often winds up paying twice for the same invention. In one classic case, it was discovered that Republic Aviation Corporation had paid $82,500 to Lockheed in royalties for use of a

Anyone may get a little tax break—but the rich

wing tank on planes Republic was building for the Air Force, although the Air Force had paid Lockheed to develop the tanks.

The defense budget, with its billions of dollars for new materials every year, has become a gold mine for industrialists. They have found that selling to the government is just the reverse of an oriental bazaar. There it is not uncommon for a seller to set a price, then come down to what the buyer will pay. But defense contractors frequently set a price and then go *up* to what the Defense Department is willing to pay.

One of the most controversial elements of the trouble-plagued F-111 airplane is its engine. The en-

gine contractor, Pratt & Whitney, originally offered to build the engines for $270,000 each. A series of increases brought the figure to $700,000. A Pentagon survey showed that about $200,000 of this cost went for wasted effort, and negotiated the price down to a "bargain" $500,000. The only thing unusual about the contract with Pratt & Whitney was the government's cutback on the final price.

In nine of every 10 major weapons systems ordered by the Pentagon, manufacturers manage to double the cost by the time the system is completed. The price quoted in the contract is merely a starting point.

Sen. Stuart Symington, a former Secretary of the Air Force, was able to look at the cost figures projected for the Anti-Ballistic Missile system with a practiced eye. He noted that the ABM cost, first estimated at $3.5 billion, rose to $5 billion, and then to $9.5 billion. With no exaggeration intended, he warned that it could reach $400 billion before it was completed—more than the total national debt.

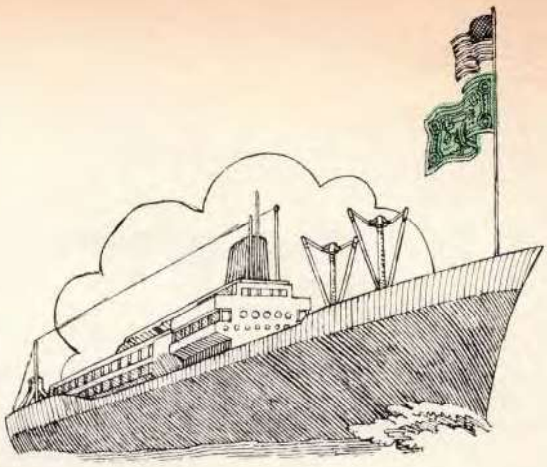
The government also has wisely invested millions in research to curb dreaded diseases, only to find that the cure is often inexplicably high. More than $700,000 in federal funds went into research, headed by Dr. Robert Guthrie, to track down PKU—a chemical substance found in some newborns that can cause mental retardation. He devised a simple chemical test to detect the substance, and announced that kits with enough material to test 500 infants could be produced for $6. To make the test available everywhere, Doctor Guthrie licensed the Ames Division of Miles Laboratories to mass-produce them. Astounded physicians in hospitals across the nation found that the price had gone up. The kits for 500 tests were suddenly selling for $262. With imagination that matched the pricing, Miles' officials explained that the high price was needed to offset the cost of "their" research.

Experts report no major industry that does not receive some kind of government handout. Yet there is a great distaste for calling them subsidies. They are disguised in a thousand different ways, each calculated to make a subsidy look like anything but a subsidy. Indeed, the only federal statutes using the word "subsidy" are those dealing with ship construction and ship operations.

For instance, the government's generosity in giving away the air is not called a subsidy. Yet Federal Communications Commission licenses for radio and TV stations have made a number of millionaires. Lord Thomson of Fleet, the British press czar, has called the FCC television licenses "as good as a license to print money."

Those actually called subsidies—the payments to shipowners which began in 1789 while George Washington was President—are now so numerous that it is almost impossible to sort them all out. The taxpayers not only help pay for constructing and operating ships, but also for repairing and replacing them. All military cargoes, half of other government cargoes

get the biggest breaks of all



and all exports purchased with government loans—with a few special exceptions—must be carried in U.S. flag ships. The government also improves harbors, maintains navigational aids, protects the coastal trade and provides many other substantial benefits for the American maritime industry.

Without using the term subsidy, a generous Uncle Sam likewise builds airports for the airlines, makes grants and cash contributions for railroad construction, finances highways that will benefit the truckers, pays for carrying the mail, and publishes the maps and charts so essential to the transportation industry. The government offers a Heinz variety of guaranteed loans to help businesses, and many government purchasing programs are tailored to benefit special interests of one sort or another.

Tariffs form an important, but hidden, payoff to American manufacturers. This is a form of taxation on the consumers, who must pay higher prices for imported goods. Among the industries that profit the most are automobile, steel and textiles. The tariff on cars, for instance, keeps Volkswagens from being an even greater threat to Detroit's products. The glass, electronics, optics and china industries also are helped mightily by the protective tariff.

The drug manufacturers, who recently agreed to pay $120 million in an out-of-court settlement of antitrust suits brought against them for overcharging state and city governments, more than make up their loss with handouts from the federal government. The cost of testing new drugs can be enormous, but the drug-makers have found a way to have the taxpayers carry most of it. One physician, who specializes in testing drugs, has received enormous contracts from the National Institutes of Health. Using the equipment and know-how paid for by the government, he has been able to work for the drug industry at a fraction of what his services would normally cost.

Bankers, dedicated individualists all, take a special interest in the taxpayers' money. Hundreds of millions of dollars, on deposit by the government in federally chartered banks, are used for loans by the bankers. Taxpayers, of course, must pay interest to borrow the money they have already paid into the government. Government-guaranteed loans have also boosted the banking business at no risk to the banks. The Federal Reserve System provides a number of other free services to banks such as clearing checks and handling currency.

Even the medical profession gets its piece of the action. Although many doctors are quick to oppose benefits for their patients—the American Medical Association was a leading opponent of Social Security in the '30's as well as Medicare in the '60's—they welcome federal help for themselves. More than half the cost of going to medical school is paid by the government, and once the doctor has his degree in hand, the benefits multiply. Many hospitals the doctors use are built with federal funds; even many of the stethoscopes and little black bags they carry are tax-deductible gifts from the subsidized drug companies.

And certainly few persons have been more pampered by the government than the oil millionaires. This industry enjoys a seemingly endless number of ways to avoid supporting the country that has made oilmen among the world's richest. Back in 1926, their lobbyists pushed a bill through Congress to allow them to deduct part of their taxes on the oil they pumped out of the ground and sold for profit. In theory, they are being [*Continued on page* 82]

the 2nd ACT

Feel trapped in your career? Many men do. But here are the stories of some who found it wasn't too late to do something else

■ For many men, sometime in their 30's or 40's, the future ceases to beguile and deceive. Dreams no longer offer a "fix." A man then sees himself not only for what he is but for what he will remain—assuming he does not risk a radical change in his life and career.

And most men do not. They have a remarkable capacity to endure boredom and misery. A man may find his work unchallenging, unstimulating, fraudulent, empty, beneath his abilities and his image of himself; he may feel anguish that he has come so far in life and done so little. Here is one writer's sense of the scene: "...the American male often plunges into strange fits of black depression. He wakes in a sweat at 4 a.m. . . . Face it: he will never run the company, write the novel, make the million. He feels fat and futile; his kids are taller than he is. He ponders some escape. . . . Should he dye his hair, have an affair, get divorced, quit his job? But how can he sacrifice that pension, that company-paid insurance? What girl wants him? What new employer has a place for him?"

Heeding the voice of the realist, most men endure.

And yet, some men *do* make a change. Some men *do* have that second act which the novelist Scott Fitzgerald said did not occur in American lives.

Indeed, something seems to be in the air. One hears more talk of changing careers, meets more people who have done it. One reads more about it. Universities initiate special programs to help men make the switch. Personnel and manpower experts are increasingly aware of it. A recent survey article in *The New York Times* concludes that "the trend is clear . . . in today's affluent society, interlaced with critical social problems, such mid-course career changes appear to be increasingly common."

Who are these second-actors? What new life did they try? What old life did they leave? What are they like? How did they do it? To answer these questions, we spoke at length with a variety of them. They include: Ross Caputo, an advertising account executive who became an antique dealer; Steve Manville, a design engineer who became a photographer; Dr. Herbert Ribner, a rabbi who now is a doctor; Larry Jaeger, an advertising writer who became a teacher; Ted Lawrence, a Bohemian jack-of-all-trades who became a millionaire industrialist; and Dick Ennslen, a wholesale food distributor who became a musical comedy performer.

Many men do not know what they want to change *to;* they know only what they *must* change from. This of course makes change more difficult—and in the end, more exciting. For what most of these men discovered is that the mere fact of changing, of moving, whatever the first step, is a liberating experience. Once the husk of fear is broken, things do happen; new possibilities appear and they are exhilarating.

At 31, tall, easygoing Ross Caputo had just remarried. He still supported his divorced wife and three children, and worked as an account executive in an advertising agency in New York. Yet, no doubt because of the new marriage, he could suddenly imagine himself five years in the future—with not much better a job, with not much more money, with considerably more responsibility and with very little to look forward to for the next five years after that.

"I knew I couldn't face 20 years that way. I could see that I wasn't geared to becoming a big success and a boss, and frankly, that's the only thing that would have made such a life acceptable. And yet I hadn't the vaguest idea of what to do.

"I guess the change started when I rented our new apartment in Brooklyn Heights. I told Barbara that I wanted to build a few things there—like a breakfast bar—and have them ready by the time we married and moved in. So I would go there on weekends and at night and build. Anyway, when she finally came down and saw the stuff she was stunned. After we were married, we talked about my dissatisfaction, about my not knowing what to do. Remember, having the other household to support, I always needed more money. So she suggested I might earn a little extra making furniture or fixing up antiques. We had the garden floor in a brown-

BY MARVIN ELKOFF PHOTOGRAPHED BY AL FRANCEKEVICH

stone and the landlord let me use the cellar. I put an ad in the Brooklyn Heights paper and got some responses. I started doing them in the cellar on weekends. Naturally, I began having ideas—none of which I had ever had before."

His wife urged him on, suggesting he rent a storeroom in the neighborhood for more space. He began to strip and refinish furniture as well as build new pieces. He began to learn more and realized that he had a quick eye and good judgment about antiques and their value. But he didn't understand how to set up such a business. Then one day a friend from his advertising days, browsing in a large Greenwich Village antique shop, saw a man come in and tell the owner what he had on his truck, which the dealer promptly bought and began to work on. The friend followed the mysterious stranger out to his truck and urged him to see his friend Caputo in Brooklyn, who was trying to start a business. The man (called a "picker") did indeed go to see Caputo, took a great liking to him—they are now good friends—and said: "Leave it to me, I'll keep you supplied." And so Ross learned that very few large New York antique dealers went out searching for merchandise, but simply waited for the pickers—men who knew what each shop needed and could sell—to come. Now he knew he could go into business.

He had married in the fall. In February he quit his job and became a full-time antique dealer. "I've been delirious ever since. I just feel great, like for the first time in my life I'm really in control of my own life. Funniest damn thing is the guys who come in on a Saturday, neighborhood guys, successful lawyers and stockbrokers, and they all look so envious. They all want to do something creative. They say to me: 'Listen, if you ever get too busy on a weekend and you'd like somebody to help out, just give me a ring. I'd love to come over.' Crazy!"

There is a very simple thing involved here, too: Sheer newness and freshness. Stendhal once wrote that a man should change his life every 10 years. And certainly a good case could be made for that.

These men decided they'd rather switch than fight

Says Ross: "God knows, I may lose interest in a few years but right now it's a whole new industry that I'm trying to understand. I'm discovering something every day. And I have a lot of freedom, too. Every time I feel a little restless I lock up the shop and go play a game of handball. Could I have done that on Madison Avenue? Sometimes I couldn't even get out for lunch!"

Oh yes, he also grew a beard.

Steve Manville is a slight, soft-spoken New Yorker in his early 40's, with a wife and 10-year-old daughter. He has been a successful advertising photographer for the past six years. Until about 10 years ago he had been in charge of the engineering-design department of a large electrical manufacturing company, heading a staff of eight.

"So I had conquered," he says, "but what? I stood around looking over other people's shoulders, checking their drawings, helping them with a design. I was bored, uneasy, frustrated and not at all proud of myself. But on the other hand . . . I was frightened. I lacked the confidence to try anything else.

"It wasn't quick and it wasn't easy, but gradually I began to build a little more confidence in myself; gradually a change began to seem less overwhelming. You know, you don't do things all at once most of the time. You go by stages. Sometimes you go forward and then retreat—maybe you've gone too far and you get scared. But you keep on going. While I was still working as an engineer, I took an evening course with Alexey Brodovitch. He has probably influenced more photographers and art directors than anyone around. And I had been doing some amateur photography on a serious basis.

"I still wasn't sure what I wanted to do, even if I had the courage to do it. But in the meanwhile, the need to make a change, to break my old way of life had become overwhelming. I figured, I have to get out. I have to give myself space to think and breathe. My wife and I had saved some money and we decided to risk a year in Europe.

"When we came back I still wasn't sure. But I had a certain confidence. Somehow I felt I could take the world by the shoulders and give it a shake. I began to talk with some of the photographers who had studied with me at Brodovitch and they suggested that I represented them. Since I knew photography and art, since I was articulate, they figured I would make a good agent. And I would be in the world I wanted to be in. So I became a photographer's representative for a few years. Though Iwas making less money than I did in my other job, I was already much happier. I knew somehow I was heading in the right direction.

"I kept taking pictures, and I won a few prizes. I kept on learning more about photography and more about the whole business, and the more photographers I handled, the more I realized I was pretty damn good myself. If I could sell them I could sell myself and do what I really wanted to do. And so, finally, I did it.

"Sometimes I look back on that passive, dreary person running that engineering department and I'm simply stunned. God knows how long I might have gone on there. Maybe forever, maybe I would have turned into some kind of machine. But I don't want you to get the idea it's all peaches and cream now. There's a kind of stress and anxiety when you're on your own, trying to dig up business. Sometimes I wish I could lie back and just let things happen for a while, but I can't. But the thing is, it *is* more gratifying to me, it is a challenge, and it's my own thing. I'm in charge of my own life."

There are some people in whom the motivation for change comes from a strong need for achievement and moral significance, like Dr. Herbert Ribner and Larry Jaeger, the former advertising man.

Until he was 38, Doctor Ribner had been a rabbi.

"A dissatisfaction had been building in me for years. It was a very simple one. I had always felt it was my vocation to make Jews out of Jews. But I was not fulfilling myself because this just isn't a religious age. My congregations were all fine and interesting, the people were lovely, but they just weren't interested in religion. I was selling a product nobody wanted to buy. I knew that 20 years later I could not look back on my life and say that the whole thing had really been worthwhile.

"Yet you don't make changes all at once — especially when you have a wife and kids. In fact, even while my dissatisfaction was piling up, I earned a degree as a Doctor of Hebrew Literature from the Jewish Theological Seminary. But finally I knew I could no longer go on as a rabbi. I felt that whatever

boredom in an old career

I did was like putting a finger in the dike and merely holding off the inevitable. I felt I had to salvage my life in some way. I was 38, I wanted to become a doctor, this was my last chance."

Getting into a medical school is no easy matter at any age; at 38 it is almost impossible. Most schools actually say, with echoes of hippydom: No one over 30 need apply. Understandably, for the work load is heavy. How is a dean of admissions to know that a rabbi of 38 is so dedicated to the salvaging of his life that he has the power to overcome his age, his lack of finances and his obligations to his children?

Many people tried to dissuade Doctor Ribner. One dean of admissions actually wrote a long letter explaining why he would be foolhardy to study medicine at his age. At a certain point, the dream even became too costly to pursue, because each application had to be accompanied by a $10 fee. Finally came a stroke of good fortune: The University of Maryland started a small experimental program testing the capacity of older men to survive medical school. Rabbi Ribner was one of those picked.

His savings were not large, his third child was born a month before he started school. How did he do it? The GI Bill, officiating on the weekend as a rabbi, and the help of some friends.

"And don't forget a marvelous wife, who was behind me all the way and who perfectly agreed that the financial deprivation and the strain were worth it. But I tell you, there is a kind of inevitability about these things. The world really responds to will. The world out there is a kind of glob, malleable, if you press hard enough and seriously enough you shape it your way. I believe that if you really deeply want something, you will manage to find the ways to get it. Of course, it was a struggle, and of course, I staggered from time to time. But my son, who is 21 and in the first year of medical school, staggers occasionally, too. You ought to know, by the way, that there were five of us older fellows in that Maryland program, and all of us completed medical school. A huge percentage of the others didn't. One of the five was older than I—he was a 42-year-old lawyer!"

Doctor Ribner graduated fifth in his class. Afterward he wrote a letter to the dean who had tried to dissuade him. The dean in turn invited him to write an article for a medical journal on the subject of "the older student in [*Continued on page* 78]

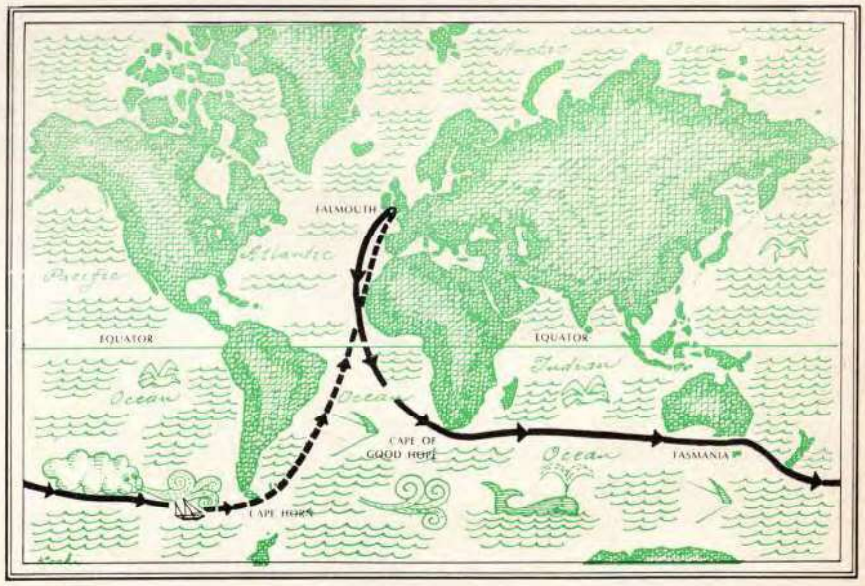
After leading for nearly 15,000 miles of his solo

race, TRUE's round-the-world sailor is missing

S.O.S. ROBIN...

■ As this is written, it is more than four months since the world has had any word from Robin Knox-Johnston. He was last seen on November 21, 1968, as he sailed from New Zealand, headed east across the Southern Ocean in his 32-foot Bermuda ketch. He should have rounded Cape Horn in January and expected to reach his English homeland by April. Yet, by late March, there was only silence.

Now there is the uneasy possibility, as one English newspaper has put it, that Robin would never be seen again. Yet some veteran seamen refuse to believe this. They continue to assume that Robin is still pressing on, albeit in silence, in the race with his nearest rival, Bernard Moitessier—two men, one English, one French, racing around the world each not knowing where the other is for almost a year—and the world not being too sure of where they are either.



MAP BY VERNON KOSKI

Knox-Johnston sailed from Falmouth last June 14 in an attempt to be the first man to sail around the world alone and nonstop. (The famed Sir Francis Chichester sailed around alone in 1966-67, but made one stop in Australia.) The race had been proposed by the London *Sunday Times* which posted a Golden Globe prize for the first man home and a $12,000 prize for the yachtsman who would get around on Chichester's track in the fastest time. Knox-Johnston's boat, *Suhaili,* is, because of its size, calculated to have a theoretical limit of 169 sea miles per day. Robin knew that other entries in the competition would have bigger and faster boats. His goal then was to leave England early and get home first for the Golden Globe.

WHERE ARE YOU?

Between June and November, Robin averaged about 92 miles a day, sailing south from Britain, through the Atlantic, to Capetown, thence eastward to Australia and New Zealand. (See TRUE, October, 1968; January, 1969; March, 1969.) By November, when he was last heard from, he was within a few days of setting a new world record for a solo sail, having just about exceeded Chichester's greatest nonstop distance of 15,517 miles. By then, however, he had been battered by a series of misfortunes that would have made many men quit and run for port.

Suhaili had been knocked down once by monstrous seas off the Cape of Good Hope and again in the Bass Strait. The self-steering gear, which automatically controls the boat's tiller in shifting winds, was now smashed. This meant *Suhaili* couldn't be left untended to sail on through the nights while her master slept. Further, the capsizings had flooded the boat's storage batteries so the radio could no longer be used as a transmitter, only as a receiver. The cabin roof was split and the cabin itself shifted. Finally, the tiller was sheared off from the rudder head and Robin had to fit his spare rudder while high and raging seas broke com-

S.O.S., ROBIN... WHERE ARE YOU?

pletely over him. Somehow, the repair was made.

"Come on God, give me a break!" is what Robin wrote at this time in a message passed to a pilot boat off Australia. He added, "I'm beginning to wonder how much of the original boat I am going to be left with by the time I reach home. So far I have written off the self-steering, two tillers, the gooseneck jaw, a jib, a spinnaker, half my stove and the fresh-water tanks. It is doubtful if the engine [used only to charge batteries] will ever turn again and the mizzen gooseneck does not look as though it will last much longer. The cabin leaks and its canvas covering is cracking up. All in all, not a very rosy picture. However, the hull appears sound and the boat still sails and the quickest way home is to keep going."

When he reached New Zealand in November, Robin was able to make some repairs within the rules of the competition. At Otago, on the 21st, he anchored in shallow water and waited for the tide to leave his boat aground. Then he repaired his rudder without any outside assistance. When the tide came in, *Suhaili* floated off and Robin was on his way again. He has not been seen since.

In his wake are three other yachtsmen racing for the same prizes. (Eleven started the race; seven have already dropped out.) Of the three, only one could have a chance of catching Robin, assuming *Suhaili* is still sound and sailing. He is the 43-year-old Frenchman, Bernard Moitessier. His 42-foot steel ketch, *Joshua*, is larger and faster than *Suhaili* and capable of making about 185 miles per day. Although Moitessier left England 68 days after Robin, he has been irrevocably closing the gap on TRUE's skipper ever since. He was last sighted on February 9 near the Falkland Islands, off Argentina, at which time it was estimated he might reach England by May 1. Whether he was ahead of Robin or behind him at this time was impossible to know.

Thus, as March drew to a close, the great race seemed headed for a great finish. In England, considerable debate arose as to Robin's possible fate —or his chances, however remote, to get home first. Sir Francis Chichester believed Moitessier would be the winner. He said, "If the reports of Robin's damaged gear are correct, it will be little short of a miracle if he can make Falmouth without putting in somewhere for repairs. There is just the possibility, of course, that he has been exaggerating his troubles; then he could surprise his rival, particularly if Moitessier decided to take it easy."

Sir Alec Rose, another of Britain's round-the-world sailors, has refused to count Robin out of the competition, or even to express extraordinary concern for his safety. He says, "It means nothing that Moitessier has been sighted only once and Knox-Johnston not at all since they both left New Zealand waters. On my trip last year, I hardly saw a thing all the way. It was just sea all the time. It's all very well to talk about them crossing busy shipping lanes and say they must therefore be sighted, but you have to remember that's a very big sea out there. In rough weather you could pass within a mile or two of a big ship and they wouldn't see you."

What might have happened to Robin since he left New Zealand? Rose says, "From New Zealand to Cape Horn he would have struck the hardest part, the cruelest part. But if he got around the Horn alright, he would have a good chance of getting back up the Atlantic to Britain without a great deal of trouble."

The outcome would now seem to depend on two things: the condition of Robin's boat—and the condition of Robin. The loss of the self-steering is not serious in terms of survival, but it is certainly crucial in terms of victory. Col. H. G. "Blondie" Hasler, Britain's leading expert on self-steering gear, points out that many long-distance solo voyages were made in the days before self-steering was perfected, but the yachtmen had to heave to and sacrifice speed every time they needed sleep. The same now holds true for Robin. Months ago he confessed to feeling exhausted. By now his endurance is surely being tested to the absolute limit.

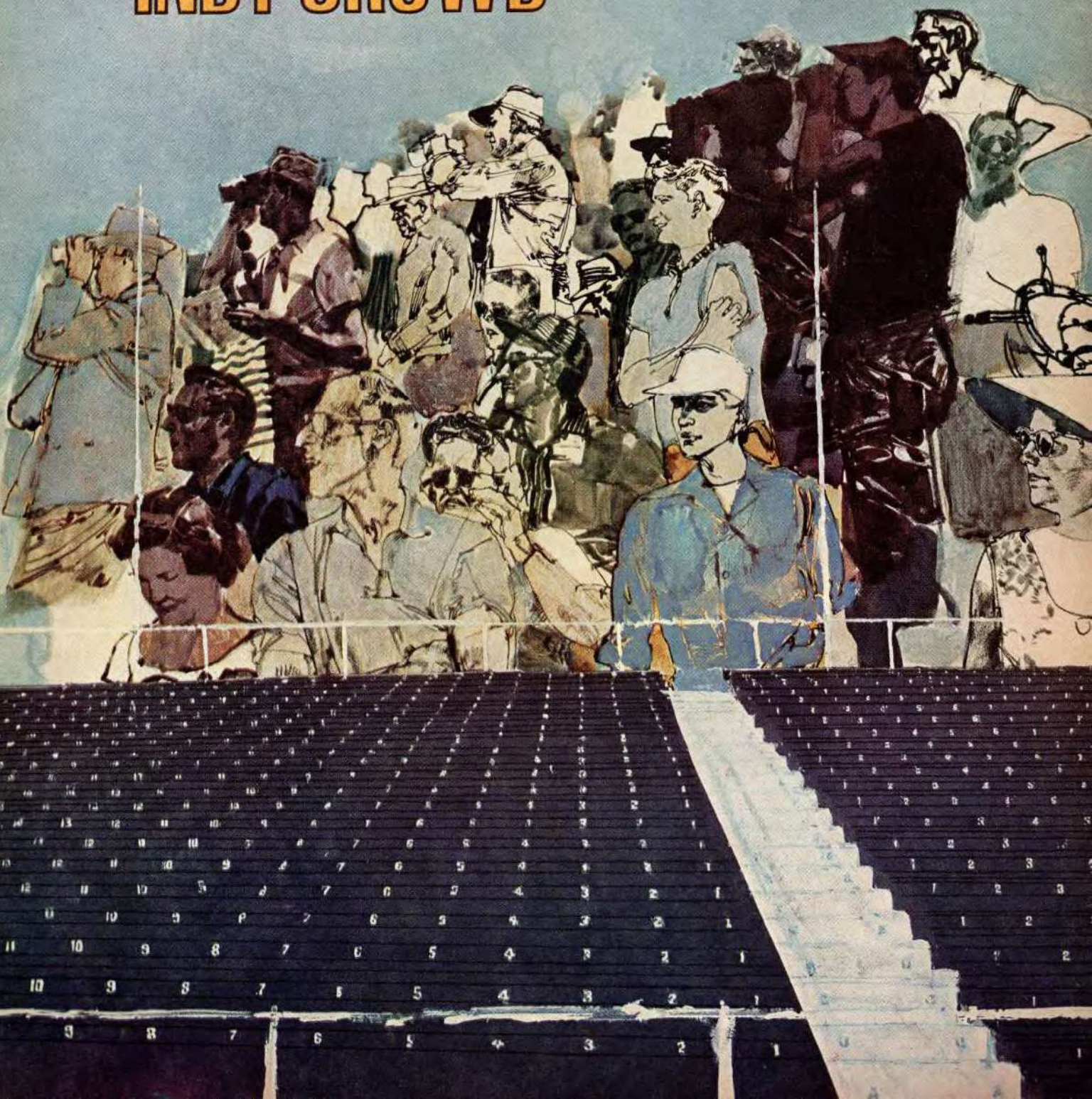
But there is also a quality of cool toughness about our man. It may be expressed by the words he used to hail the Australian pilot ship in November. As if there were nothing unusual about it at all, he called out across the water, "I'm 147 days out of England—and will you take my mail?"

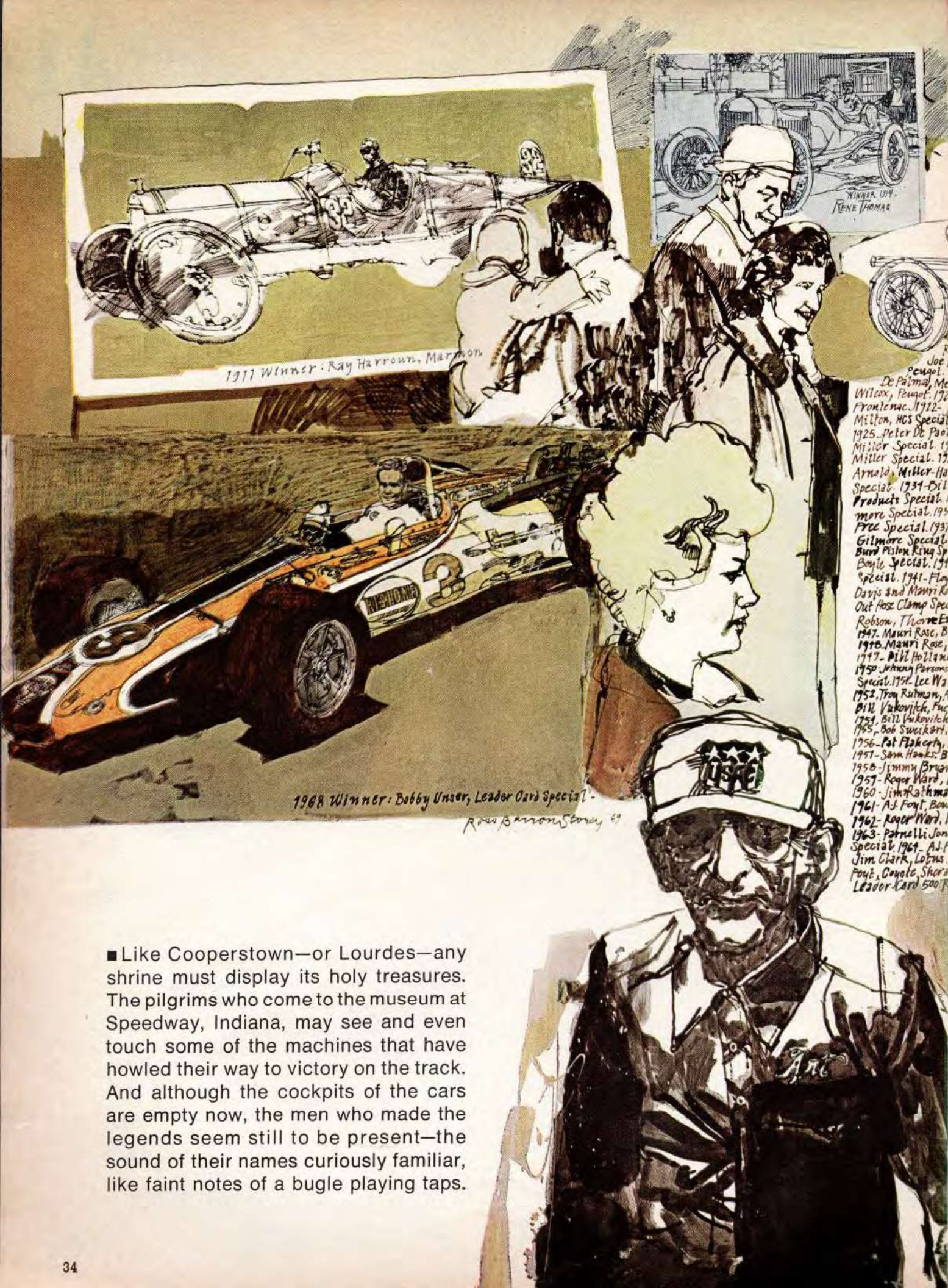
—Charles N. Barnard

ILLUSTRATED BY BARRON STOREY

THE INDY CROWD

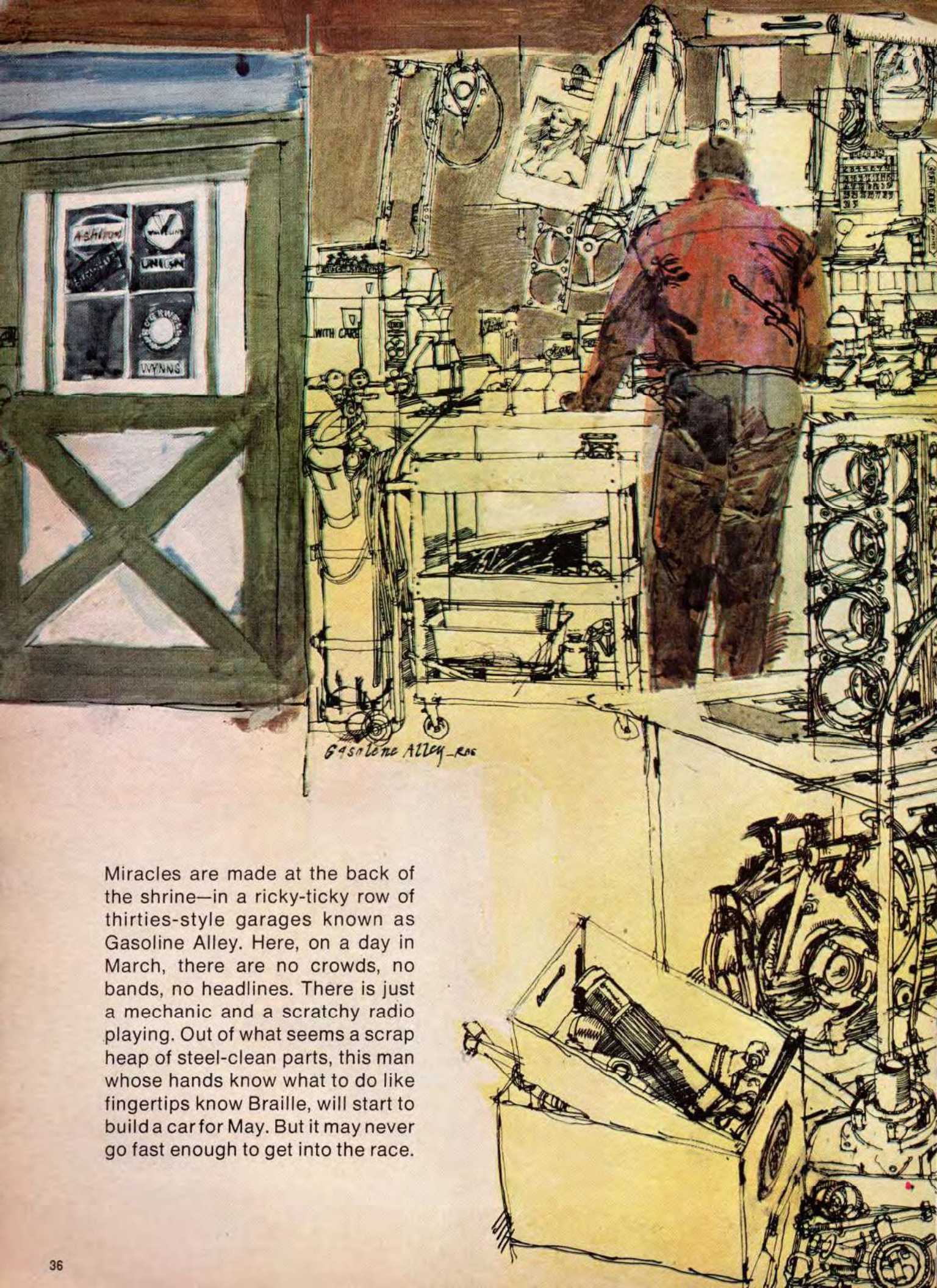
For half a century they have come to their shrine, on Memorial Day or any other time, just to see the place where the big 500-mile race is run



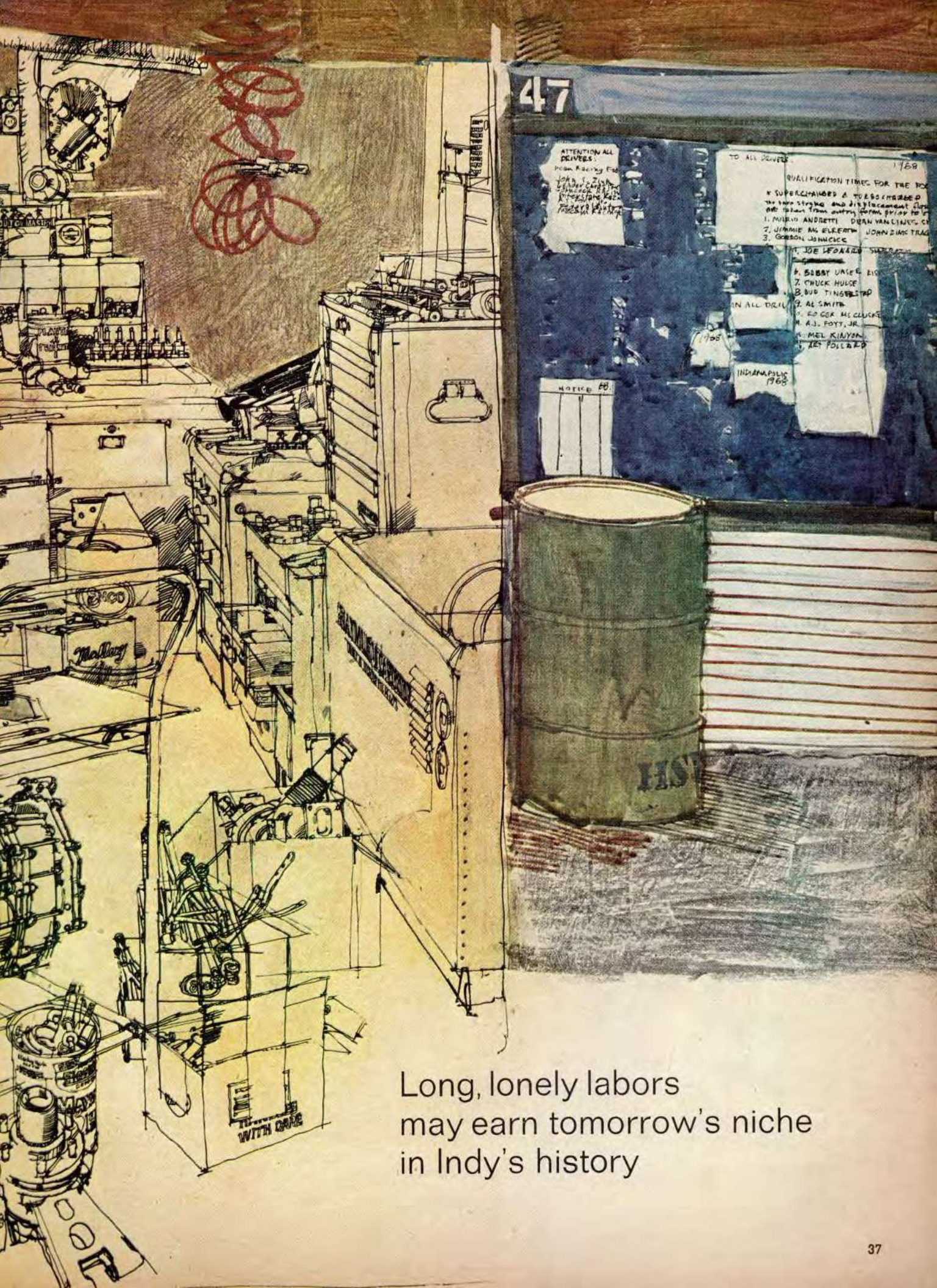


■ Like Cooperstown—or Lourdes—any shrine must display its holy treasures. The pilgrims who come to the museum at Speedway, Indiana, may see and even touch some of the machines that have howled their way to victory on the track. And although the cockpits of the cars are empty now, the men who made the legends seem still to be present—the sound of their names curiously familiar, like faint notes of a bugle playing taps.

At the heart of the Indy legend is nostalgia, carefully preserved

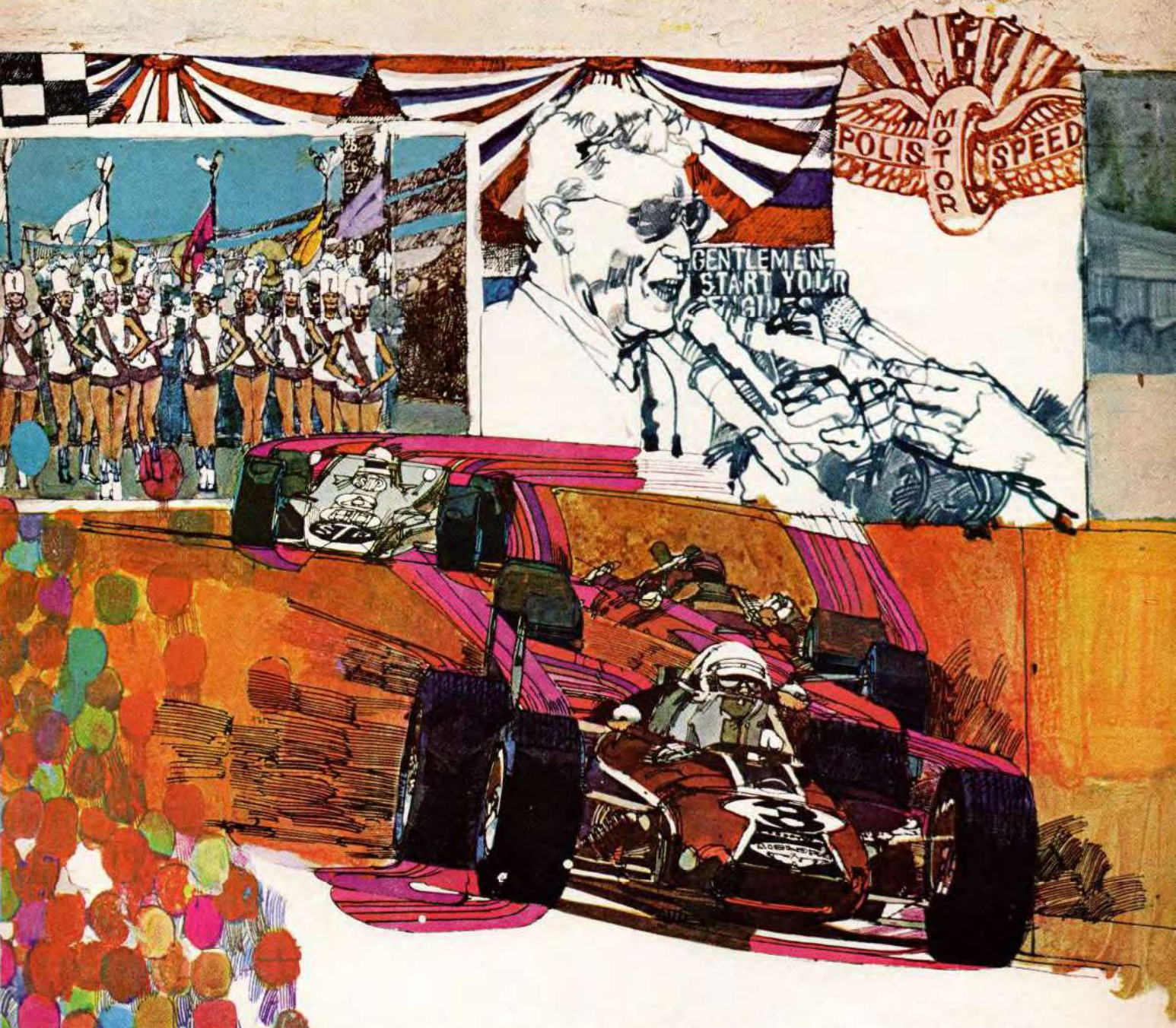


Miracles are made at the back of the shrine—in a ricky-ticky row of thirties-style garages known as Gasoline Alley. Here, on a day in March, there are no crowds, no bands, no headlines. There is just a mechanic and a scratchy radio playing. Out of what seems a scrap heap of steel-clean parts, this man whose hands know what to do like fingertips know Braille, will start to build a car for May. But it may never go fast enough to get into the race.



Long, lonely labors
may earn tomorrow's niche
in Indy's history

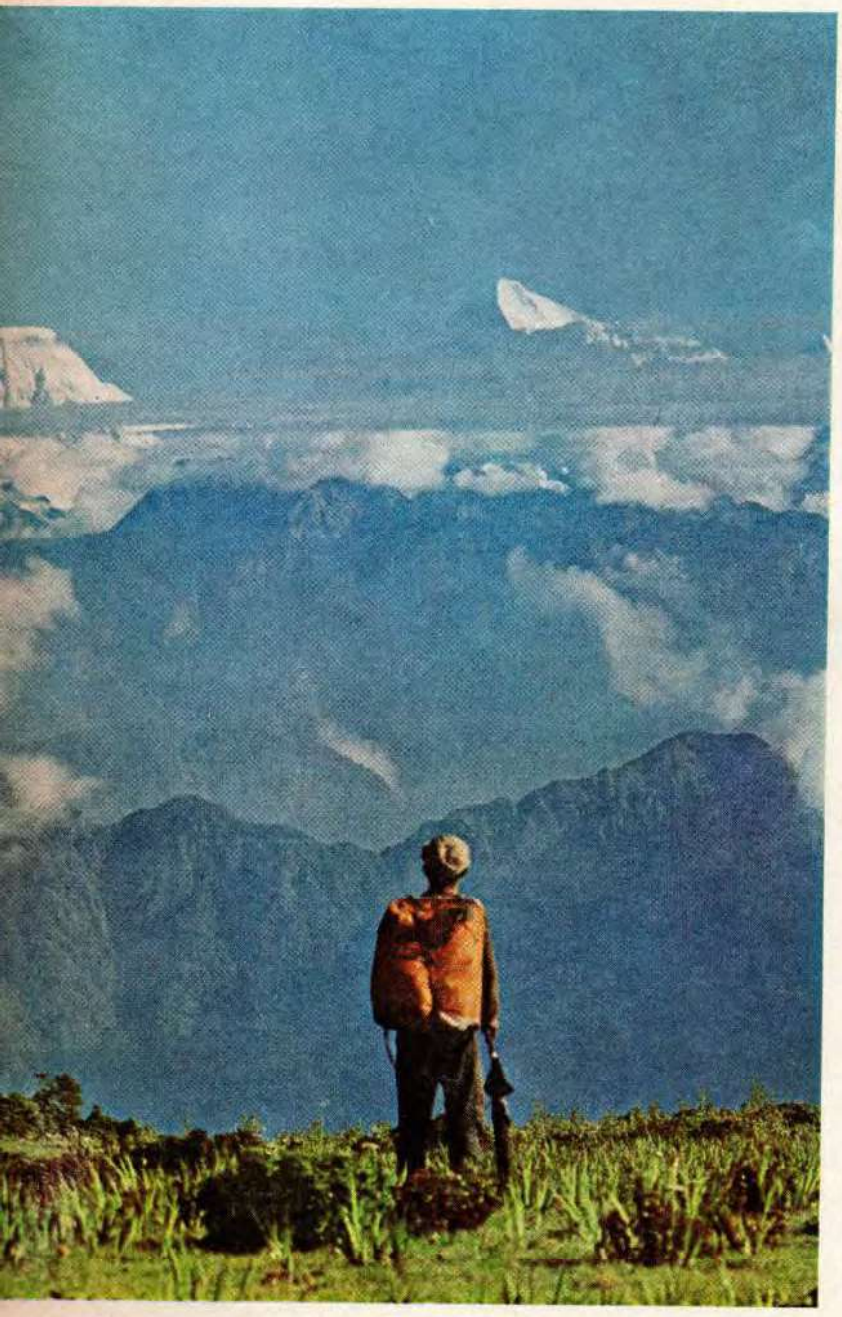
When May comes and the cars run, the Indy crowd really swarms in



For a month each year the place stops to write a new chapter in its history. Now the actors return in costume to rehearse, to etch frightful paths of rubber on their stage, to battle for a place in the 33-man cast. Finally, on Memorial Day at 11 a.m., after all the high-school bands and the girls in tights, after the balloons and the aerial bombs and the music of "Back Home Again in Indiana," a man says the words the Indy crowd has come to hear—"Gentlemen, start your engines . . . ."■

HILLARY CLIMBS A RAGING RIVER

The conqueror of Everest pioneers a water route into Nepal's heart



■ We stood on the banks of the Sapta Kosi River near the border between India and Nepal and watched the muddy, violent water roll by—a hundred thousand cubic feet a second, the local engineer had told us . . . far larger than the river had any right to be in late September of last year, when the monsoon rains usually ease in the Himalayas.

Our gleaming jet boats, *Kiwi* and *Sherpa*, were on the bank beside us. Fifteen feet long and powered by 140-hp. V6 engines driving jet units, they were especially designed for mastering fast and rocky rivers. But somehow they looked puny for such big waters as these and I felt a sharp jab of pessimism. Just the same, and with much grunting and sweating, we manhandled *Kiwi* down the 30-foot bank into the river. A turn of the key brought the engine to swinging life. Jon Hamilton drove out into the swift current. Instantly he was zooming along at 30 mph. and making the river look easy.

Surely it will be tougher than this, I thought. And of course it was. Desperately so.

The Himalayan kingdom of Nepal had seen me many times since the Everest Reconnaissance Expedition of 1951, and 1953, when Tenzing Norkay the Sherpa and I were first to reach the summit of Everest. The comradeship born on the peaks had drawn me back, most often for mountaineering but also because of an increasing interest in the welfare of the Sherpa people. This time, I wanted to determine the practicality of water travel with modern equipment in their rugged land.

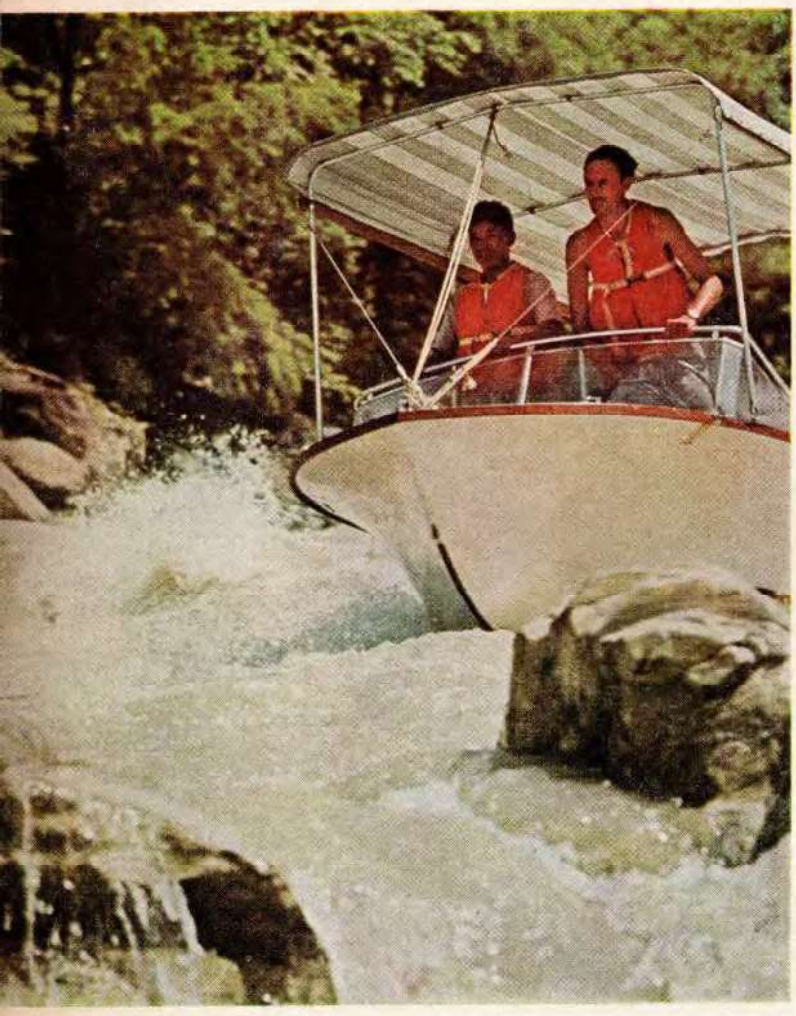
There was another compelling reason, too. With funds raised in the U.S. and elsewhere, my

Serene view of the Himalayas from a ridge 10,000 feet up—seen during overland part of trip—gave no hint of how rough the brawling Sun Kosi River would be. It is the only water route to interior.

BY SIR EDMUND HILLARY

Photographed by the Author

The river had smashed one boat. Now, with the remaining one, they



expeditions had worked with the Sherpas to establish half-a-dozen village schools, a hospital and even a small mountain airfield. I wanted to revisit these and resupply them as well.

Once you get inside the hills of east Nepal, it is surprising how little the country has changed in the 17 years I've known it. There are still no roads once you leave the flat Tarai near the Indian border, and the few mountain airfields are rarely used. If you want to go anywhere—no matter who you are—you walk.

And if the steep terrain isn't enough of a problem, you are continually barred by the great rivers of this region: the Arun, the Dudh Kosi, the Sun Kosi. In places you can cross the rivers by swaying suspension bridges, the best of them hanging from hand-forged iron chains and the worst from twisted ropes made from forest lianas. More common are the ferries: dugout canoes with vigorous crews who paddle furiously across wide stretches of fast-flowing river, always keeping one eye on the ugly rapids below. The local villagers delight in telling of boats and crews that weren't quite lively enough. . . .

Large rivers with [*Continued on page* 64]

Revisiting a school he'd established near the Tibetan border, Sir Edmund (right) is welcomed by Sherpas at 13,500 feet. Creeping up the river through foaming gorges (left), the exploring craft drew crowds when it stopped near a village (below). Trip proved jet boats could be used in Nepal.

fought their way slowly up the rapids to success—and big welcomes

WILL MAN WIPE OUT HIS FURRY FIRST COUSINS?

Some 200,000 subhumans are dragged from the world's jungles each year to feed the insatiable needs of science

BY MICHAEL PEARSON
PHOTOGRAPHED BY IRV BAHRT

■ At Aking-Osombo, a timber village deep in the Nigerian forest, the honking cry of male chimpanzees was a regular sound at night. Ten years ago the local Nigerians knew it well. Gradually they came to hear it less. Today it is so rare that the children of the village do not even recognize it. They barely know what a chimpanzee is.

For the chimps have gone from Aking-Osombo, as they have gone from other parts of Africa.

Why? The main reason—though it is not the only one—is harsh but simple: Chimps fetch up to $800 each in U.S. research centers.

Chimpanzees are among the enormous numbers of subhuman primates which, as part of a worldwide multimillion-dollar operation, are being flown regularly into this country to be used or sacrificed by man, the human primate. They are used for research, for making and testing drugs, for testing foods. Their misfortune is that they are the closest to man of the animals, that their body chemistry and other characteristics resemble those of *Homo sapiens*. That's why scientists like them for experimental purposes. That's why they are disappearing.

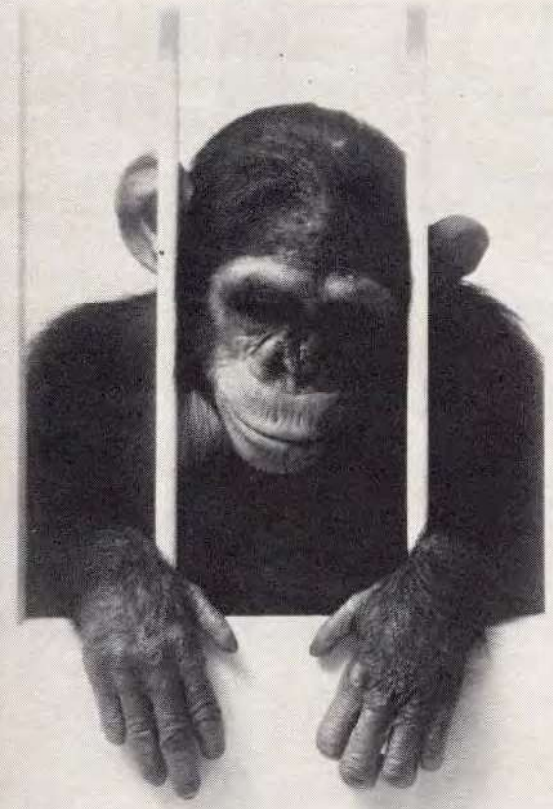
The danger already faced by the chimps—the possibility of extinction—may soon be shared by their brothers in the ape and monkey families that are at present far more plentiful. The demands of man for these disposable human substitutes are soaring. In time we may exhaust our supply of living raw material.

The sheer size of the trade that fills this voracious human need is fantastic. More than a thousand subhumans every week—close to 60,000 a year—are being rounded up in the jungles of the world and transported to America. They are being exploited, like human slaves of the past, by a dominant society.

In fact the pattern of the business—from capture to transportation—closely resembles the trade in human cargoes. Even the numbers currently traveling across the Atlantic are about the same as the average annual shipment of Negroes from the Guinea Coast in the peak slave years.

But the hungry needs of science are not limited to the

Extending the span of human life may be great for humans—



but it's sure as hell tough on the world's monkey population

United States. Almost certainly a far bigger volume of subhumans pours into Europe, to be gobbled up by large research centers and drug firms in such countries as Britain (which alone absorbs 500 a week), Germany, France, Sweden and Switzerland. Russia and the communist satellite countries are also big buyers. All told, perhaps 200,000 primates a year become man's slaves.

The subhuman slave trade has grown so huge that governments and scientists are finally getting alarmed. They fear that other species, as well as the chimps, may become seriously depleted. They fear even for the baboons, which have been so plentiful in the past that they were considered pests in certain areas.

On one occasion, the Indian government worried enough about the problem to put a complete ban on monkey exports, although it later replaced this with a license system. "The subhuman primates," warns Dr. William Montagna, director of the U.S. government's Primate Center at Portland, Oregon, "are a waning order of mammals. It is doubtful that they will survive the competition with man."

Certainly in some scientific fields the scale of slaughter seems vast. Polio vaccines, for example, are "grown" in the kidney tissues of newly-killed vervet monkeys, which were trapped in Tanzania and Uganda and shipped from Nairobi. Further slaughter takes place later, in the testing process. Every time a U.S. drug firm mounts a production run of live vaccine, it is required by law to inject the vaccine into 50 monkeys—normally rhesus monkeys from India—and then to sacrifice the monkeys three weeks later so that an internal examination can insure the batch is safe for human children. Similar tests are run regularly by the National Institutes of Health.

This huge simian death rate has helped bring about a dramatic cut in human cases of paralytic polio. In the United States alone, the number of cases has been slashed from an average of nearly 40,000 a year to the current annual level of around 100. It seems that monkeys must die so that humans may live.

But many of the thousands of subhumans streaming weekly into America do not die—at least not so soon. Instead, they are employed as pathfinders—"living test tubes," as one research doctor puts it. Man's sicknesses are artificially reproduced in these furry test tubes as part of the search for cures. This use of subhumans has grown particularly fast since the recent furor over Thalidomide, the tranquilizing drug that was found to cause birth deformities. It is now known that the drug has the same effects on pregnant baboons as on pregnant women. Everyone involved in the Thalidomide tragedy wishes the drug had been tried out more thoroughly on subhumans before it was marketed—and we can presume that, in the future, other drugs will be so tested.

In research centers, hospitals and drug firms throughout the nation, new drugs and techniques are regularly tested on living beings. Monkeys are suffering from artificially induced cases of most of our major scourges —cancer, atherosclerosis, diseases of the heart, of the lungs, even of the mind—and of many of our vices.

There are subhumans swallowing sophisticated new birth-control pills, quaffing whisky in alcoholism experiments or smoking all day in nicotine tests. There are baboons who have been subjected to stress to make them neurotic, bonnet macaques who have been confined in crowded quarters in emulation of our urban slums to make them antisocial, and chimps who are hooked on heroin—like Frank, a big male at the government-funded Yerkes Regional Primate Research Center, at Emory University, Atlanta, who used to thrust his arm forward, through the bars of his cage, just as impatiently as any human junkie, when it was time for his fix.

Trips on LSD and "speed" are no novelty to apes and monkeys. They react pretty much like humans. "They turn round and round in circles," explains U.S. Air Force psychologist Dr. Donald Farrer, "and bang their eyes with their palms."

In fact, these subhumans are very human in constitution and reaction. They are, for example, the only animals who can differentiate among colors to an extent approaching that of man. Their body cells are made up of nearly the same number of chromosomes as those in humans. Their immunological response—which protects the body from disease germs—is almost identical. They have nails instead of claws. They are selective in their sex relations. Like women, the females menstruate in a 28-day cycle. They, too, carry their young through an extended gestation period (rheus and bonnet macaques for an average of 164 days, chimps for 226 days). And these young, like human babies, are utterly dependent on their mothers.

The subhumans' similarities to man are vividly displayed in the restraining chairs used in many studies. These chairs enclose the creatures loosely round the neck so that they are forced to sit upright and the use of their hands is limited. In this position, moving their heads from side to side with eyes wide open, carrying out tasks often quite complex in response to electric shocks or food rewards, they look curiously wise, like crinkle-faced old men—except when one of them lets out a sudden yell as a shock reminds him he has made an error.

The furry nonmen go through this kind of punishment to save human lives. Does the end justify the means?

Perhaps. Consider auto and air crashes. Every year more than 50,000 Americans die in automobile accidents, and approximately two million are injured. And around the world 1,500 people die in nonmilitary air disasters. Anything that will cut this toll seems worth trying. But when new protection systems are devised, they must be tested in experiments that are often fatal.

One such program was sparked by an accident at Salt Lake City's airport. A Boeing 727 came in too fast for a landing. As the undercarriage hit the runway, it crumpled and the aircraft slid on its belly for 3,000 feet. Experts of the Federal Aviation Administration, examining the wreckage, estimated that the impact forces in the cabin had risen to 45G (45 times the force of gravity). They decided to investigate the whole question of impact. Richard Chandler, then an engineer at the Aeromedical Research Laboratories at Holloman Air Force Base, New Mexico, got the assignment.

As part of the study, a male baboon identified only as 2075 was given a shot of Sernylan, a fast-acting analgesic. Then he was put on a steel sled at the head of a 240-foot track—known at Holloman as "the Daisy" because sleds were shot along it by compressed air like BB's from a Daisy air gun.

A seat belt was clipped round the primate's stomach, and his shoulders were held upright by light tapes so that, in his comatose condition, he did not flop forward. Electrodes in his head and body were wired to instruments in a control box.

Escaping compressed air hissed loudly as the controller, his voice made harsh by the amplifier, counted down from 20 to zero. Suddenly the sled leaped ahead and shot along the track at 74 feet per second. It smashed into a buffer at an impact force carefully calculated to 40G.

The control instruments showed that the ape had died.

During the next few months, a lot of baboons followed 2075 down that track. Not many of them traveled so fast, because Chandler and his team wanted to discover the highest G-force at which a normal seat belt would save life. At 40G it would not, but by dropping to 20G and then working higher, the researchers found that a belt would keep a baboon alive at 35.

Once he knew the survival limit, Chandler began to test a new safety device that could be used in addition to a seat belt either in aircraft or in automobiles. A large plastic bag, positioned in front of the passenger, was inflated automatically in a crash to cushion the body's forward movement.

On a June morning last year, in a blistering desert sun, baboon number 3605 rocketed down the track at 96 feet per second to slam into the buffer at a terrifying 50G. The safety bag inflated faster than a wired-in flashbulb could fire. The monkey's face flattened under the pressure. His body, guided by the seat belt, burrowed into the softness of the [*Continued on page* 74]

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT HANDVILLE

BY AL STUMP

When an athlete is injured, it's never routine. A top star's whole career may be at stake. Then the call goes out for Dr. Robert Kerlan

The Surgeon General of Sports

■ An ambulance crew, working carefully, lifted $40 million worth of jockey from a stretcher at a hospital near Santa Anita racetrack. It was 4 o'clock on January 23, 1968, and Willie Shoemaker was shivering in shock, caked with mud and blood and his right leg hung crookedly. Despite the pain, Shoemaker was aware that his future and a vast amount of money depended upon what happened next. "Get me Doc Kerlan," he kept telling his agent, Harry Silbert. "Nobody else."

Willie the Shoe, the leading dollar-earning athlete in the world, had broken one of the rider's two most important bones and the body's largest bone—the femur—when thrown off and trampled by a horse named Bel Bush at the stretch turn. Hospital technicians shook their heads when they saw the pictures.

The X rays showed that the big thighbone (tiny and fragile in Shoemaker's case) was fractured transversely at its widest point. And the break wasn't clean, but splintered.

Shoemaker could hear voices around him saying, "Long, sustained traction . . . malunion leading to permanent disability likely . . . he's all through riding." Rising up, he croaked, *"Where the hell's Kerlan?"*

Injured sports stars have been calling out that name for a dozen years now. The man in question, Dr. Robert Kerlan, orthopedist, specialist in sports medicine, professor of clinical surgery at the University of Southern California and a legendary figure at the age of 46, was on hand, standing outside Shoemaker's room, studying the X rays and facing one of his toughest decisions. If a reserve halfback or a .220 hitter breaks a leg, you operate and don't worry. When the patient is the moneybags of the turf, you sweat. In 20 years Shoemaker has won 79 stakes worth $100,000 and up (the world's record), more than 5,700 races in all and accounted for more cash than any performer in any game you can mention—$40,512,403 in purses. He's the best booster of the betting handle in history, too. For every day he misses from the saddle, you can count the loss in five figures.

Husky and tanned, but crippled by arthritis, Bob Kerlan is a brusque but gentle guy who was born in the backwoods village of Bowlus, Minnesota, population 233. His father, a country doctor, let him help remove tonsils when he was 14. There was doubt that young Kerlan would get through medical school, due to beer, playing varsity ball and cutting classes, but he made it and has become so successful a repairman of bone, muscle, tendon and ligaments that he is employed by no less than five major-league teams as house physician and is in attendance at one stadium, rink, arena or another for 200 days per year. His office in Los Angeles is so overrun with hockey, football, hoop, baseball, track, boxing and racing stars that you could almost hold the Olympic Trials, the All-Star game or Kentucky Derby right there. The American Medical Association's ethics committee might not like it, but at ball parks they flash "happy birthday" greetings to Doc Kerlan on the message board.

You can start the roster with Sandy Koufax, who never could have hung on to pitch five more [*Continued on page* 87]

A trout fisherman's pleasure hunt in surprising

PORTUGAL

Where searching for the perfect stream is only part of the fun

BY PETER BARRETT

TRUE's Outdoors Editor

Photographed by the Author

■ "Let me catch some trout," I'd bargained with my family last spring, "and I'll put up with the sight-seeing." We'd done this successfully the summer before on vacation in Italy, so why not again in Portugal?

Now I was standing on a bank of the Coura, a lovely stream in northern Portugal not far from the Spanish border. A big trout coasted out from the bank at my feet and paused barely two yards away—a rainbow of probably three pounds. Eagerly, yet fearfully (for the water was low and very clear), I poked my rod forward to dap the dry fly on the surface a yard upstream of the trout.

The fly kissed the water. I drew in my breath—*now!*—and jiggled the rod tip so that the fly jumped a couple of inches into the air, then fell back twirling. Could a live insect have struggled more realistically? Never! But the big rainbow just rolled a languid topaz eye at this masterful demonstration of the fly fisher's art and bolted under the bank.

I moved along, looking for another trout. Presently I was crossing an old Roman bridge when I had to make way for a small herd of cows being driven to their stone barn. I paused to watch and light my pipe. It was another lovely July evening. A church bell tolled somewhere. I hadn't caught a decent trout all day, yet I couldn't have cared less.

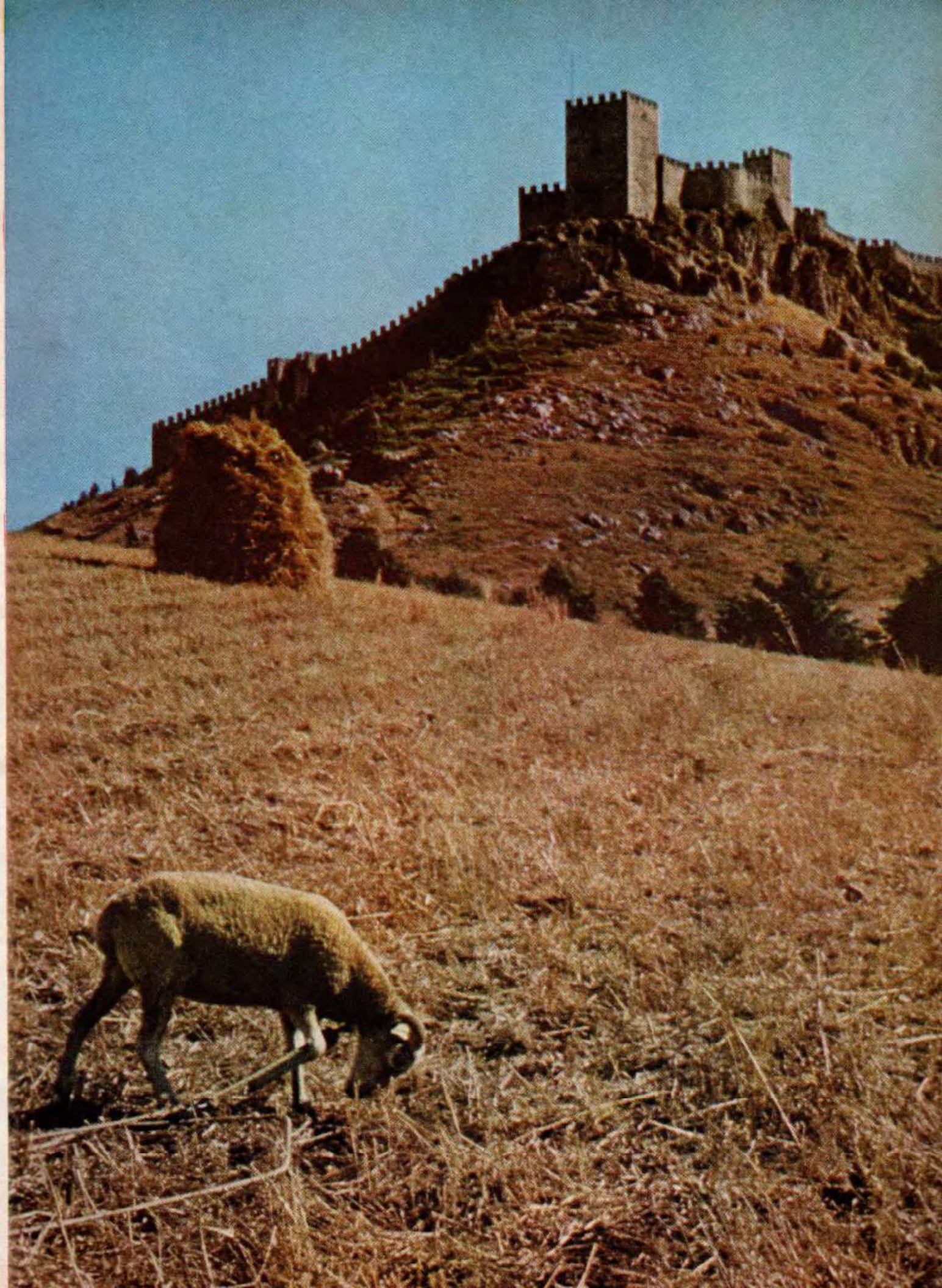
We had discovered that somehow every day becomes an adventure in Portugal. And instead of "putting up" with the sight-seeing, I found myself enjoying the surprising variety of it. But more than this, the *living* is ever so easy in this country.

Before our three weeks were over, we were to find some unusual trout fishing easy enough for any family to enjoy. But the trip would have been a success even without the trout we found near the end of our vacation. . . .

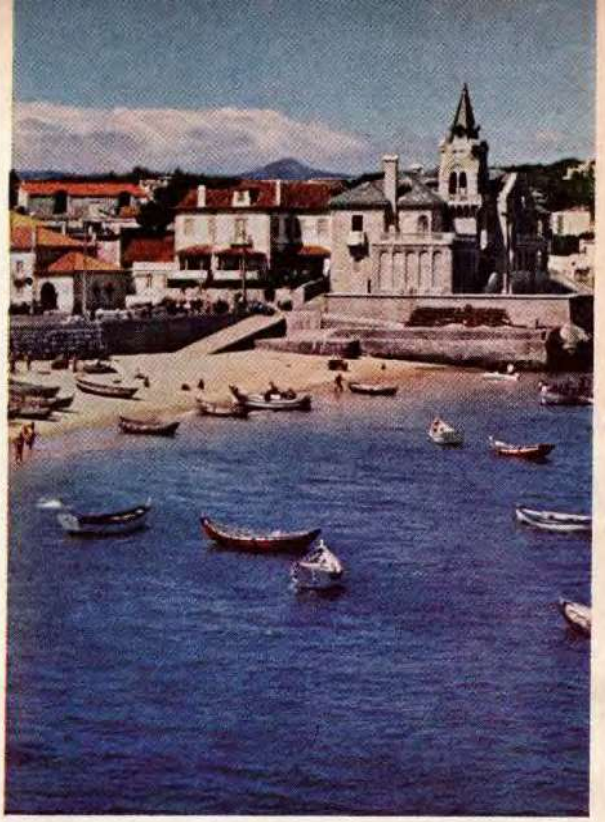
We started off by getting into a rental car in Lisbon—my wife Pris and our teen-age son Steve—and heading south. This sounds commonplace enough but for us it was a little spooky, driving in a foreign land for the first time. Pris and I had obtained International Driving Permits ($3 each, available from any local AAA office) and knew that the Portuguese drive as we do on the right. So away we went, Pris soon announcing that we had managed to leave Lisbon without getting lost as we crossed the bridge over the Tagus River and came into view of the huge concrete Christ nearby facing the harbor.

When we left the expressway and got onto a narrow rural road I was glad we had a small car (Morris 1100) for the business of creeping past loaded donkeys, dodging chickens and squeezing by buses. In about an hour the road pitched down sharply and, passing an ancient crenellated fort on the skyline, we descended toward the Atlantic, to the small fishing village of Sesimbra.

The place was a delight, and our hotel the surprise of our lives. A sloping hillside had been gouged and tunneled to



History, handcrafts, friendly smiles, the simple life—who cares if the fish won't bite when there are such distractions?



accommodate a sprawling, many-tiered hotel shaped like an auditorium, with the beach and open sea a sparkling arena below. Our bright, large rooms overlooked a swimming pool in a landscaped setting and, beyond, the town and dozens of colorfully painted commercial fishing boats at anchor.

Sesimbra proved to be great for loafing in solid comfort. Beaches were handy and cafés plentiful. The town clings to steep slopes, with narrow winding streets. Fishermen are everywhere, mending nets and unsnarling big tangles of thick monofilament handlines. Photography fans go slightly nuts.

The big daily event is the return of the fishing boats in the early evening and the unloading of their catch on a beach at the center of town. You can lean over the parapet and watch piles of groupers and deep-water snappers and long, eel-like fish with sides as silvery as new knife blades (called "swordfish" locally) being carried ashore. The crew from each boat makes a neat display of fish and for a time the entire beach becomes a lively marketplace before the catch is iced and boxed for shipment. There is much shouting in Portuguese and you can't understand a word of it, but it's an enthralling spectacle at sunset.

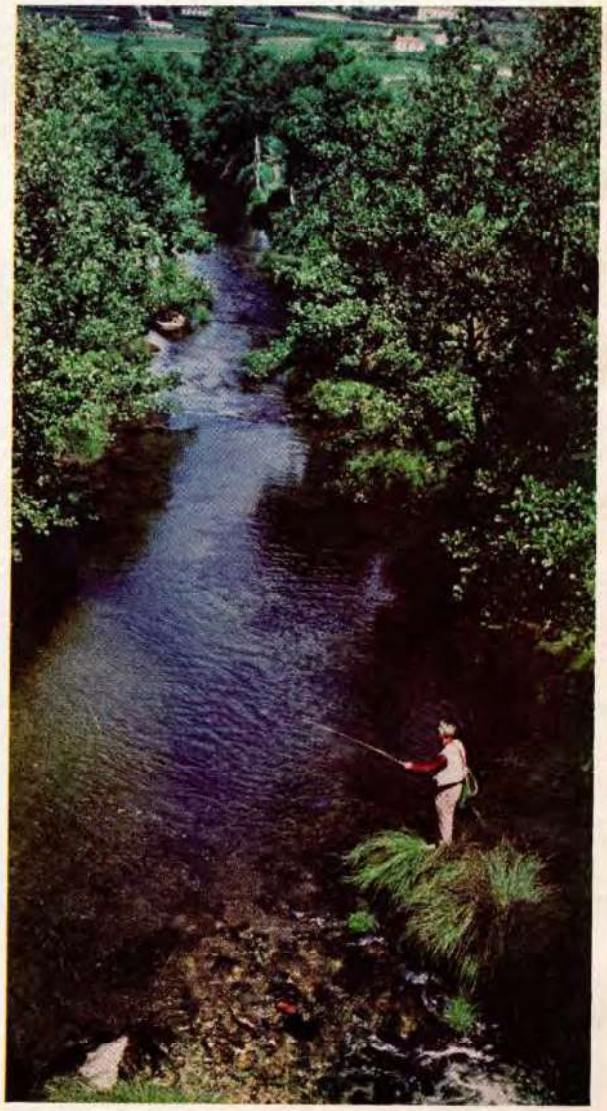
What was most fun? Just driving along the rugged coastline with its breathtaking views and switchback roads, looking for tiny villages to explore and to lunch in.

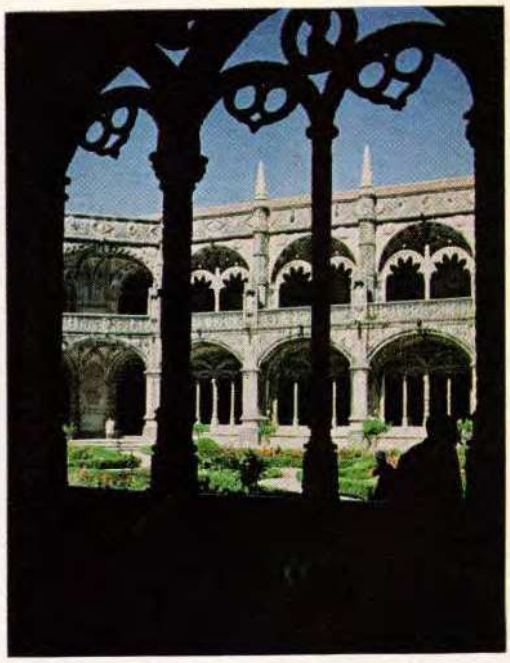
We'd discovered *ameijoas*, small, tasty clams no bigger than a quarter, which are available in all the coastal restaurants. Served in a huge pile beside a dipping saucer of melted butter, the steamed ameijoas, homemade bread and one of the excellent local beers made a superb lunch. Most places had someone who spoke English, by the way, so that ordering was never a problem.

In no time we'd loafed through six days and it was time to move on. The hotel had proved to be first class in every regard and now came a pleasant surprise—our bill, including breakfast and either lunch or supper daily, and bar charges, came to a bit less than $39 a day. I knew that Portugal is among the least expensive of European countries for vacationers, but this struck me as a downright bargain. The rental car was a steal too, averaging about $8 a day for use plus mileage.

Incidentally, one can rent a room three ways, as is the custom in many parts of Europe. On the *dormida* plan you get only the room and no meals; *demi-pensao* provides room, breakfast and one major meal a day; and *pensao completa* covers the room plus all meals. Elsewhere in Europe I usually avoid hotel dining rooms, but this was not to prove necessary in Portugal.

Now back to the fishing. I must admit to not informing myself sufficiently beforehand. [*Continued on page* 83]





BIGGER DIGGER OF THE RED WIGGLER

■ A chubby-faced young man named Richard S. Graves has ignored or defied so many of the guideposts which mark the road to success that he ought to be hung in effigy on the steps of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. Everybody knows that in choosing a career you've got to Think Big, but Graves went out of his way to Think Little. Instead of fixing his eye on the stars, he looked down to the ground, and pretty smelly ground at that. Rather than onward and upward, his path led backward and downward. He left 5,000 acres of land and a mighty herd of cattle for some squiggly little creatures in ditches.

Finally, although he should have known better than to fall for one of those get-rich-quick-in-your-spare-time schemes, he not only believed it, he did it.

What Dick Graves does is raise worms. As they belong to the class known scientifically as Oligochaeta, this probably makes him an oligochaetologist.

Now 38, he owns two worm ranches, as worm raisers euphemistically call their manure-filled ditches, and commutes between the two in the $25,000 plane he bought and learned to fly for just that purpose. Last year, his fifth in the business, he sold 10 million worms—that's about five tons—at prices ranging from $350 per 100,000, postpaid, to 65 cents a hundred.

He even sells his only by-product, worm manure. Used as fertilizer, it retails for $2.50 per one-gallon bag. He has tons of it and his healthy little helpers are happily making more.

"It may be a four-letter word to you, but it spells bread, butter and bourbon to me," Graves says in quiet satisfaction.

If you find it hard to believe that a man can make a good living raising worms, think how the manager of the local bank in Fork Union, Virginia, population 900, felt when Graves bounced in one day and asked for $45,000 to get started.

"I had a sudden vision," Walter Pace, the banker, said, "of worms crawling off in all directions, taking the bank's money with them. Then Graves started talking and in half an hour he had the money. One of the best loans I ever made."

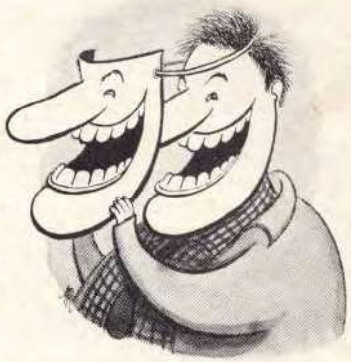
But other local residents accepted the new [*Continued on page* 67]

Dick Graves read an ad about making "$10,000 a year in your spare time." Now he owns two worm ranches and a private plane for traveling between them

BY BOOTON HERNDON

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY LEONARD KAMSLER

THIS FUNNY LIFE



In his early years as a preacher, my grandfather was a circuit rider, preaching at a different place each Sunday. One summer in Texas he arrived at a community ready for his service, but a heavy rain the night before had all but flooded the area. Only one cowboy showed up.

My grandfather nonetheless delivered his sermon, and after it was over asked the cowboy what he thought of the service.

"Preacher," the cowpoke said, "I'm just an ole cowboy and don't know much, but if I take a load of hay out to feed the cows and only one ole cow shows up, I don't give her the whole load."

J. P. Robinson
Santa Paula, Calif.

I come from a large family of five sisters. We were all married within a few years of each other and it seemed that whenever one of us got pregnant, at least two more were the same way.

One year, my husband got a double-barreled shotgun for Christmas, and the stock was cracked. He asked me to take the gun to Salt Lake City to a sporting-goods store to be repaired. My two sisters—pregnant like myself—decided to go with me on a shopping spree in the city.

We parked a block from the sporting-goods store, got out of the car and started up the street. I had the shotgun over my shoulder, and didn't realize how we three bulging ladies looked until we passed a group of teen-age boys.

I heard one of them say: "Lord, I wonder if they're all looking for the same guy!"

Mrs. Lew Potter
Coalville, Utah

After Apollo 7, Astronaut Donn Eisele's 11-day space orbit last fall, Columbus, Ohio, gave him a hero's homecoming. Former high-school classmates capped the celebration by presenting him the "Air Scout Ace" badge, the only rank Eisele hadn't earned as a Boy Scout. He'd finally fulfilled the requirement: that he "spend 10 days and nights away from home!"

Marcus T. Orr
Columbus, Ohio

After having her third child, my sister-in-law told us that her child-bearing days were over. But less than two years after this avowal, she had another girl, giving her a brood of two boys and two girls.

We couldn't resist sending her this telegram: "CONGRATULATIONS. EITHER PLAY OFF THE TIE OR TIE OFF THE PLAY!"

Roland Brave
Baltimore, Md.

Recently a well-dressed middle-aged guy and a youngster walked into my barbershop. "Give me the complete works," said the man, "and give the boy a haircut."

I finished with the man and had started on the boy when the man said, "While you're working on the youngster, I'm going to get a pack of cigarettes."

He had been gone about five minutes when the boy asked, "Mister, how come this haircut is free?"

"It's not free, son," I replied. "What made you think that?"

"Well," he responded, "that guy that just left—he stopped me on the street and asked if I wanted a free haircut."

Name and address withheld at writer's request.

During one of my wife's club meetings at our home, I overheard a well-dressed, shapely gal talking about the latest antics of her allegedly lazy husband.

"How can you put up with such a lazy, shiftless, good-for-nothing husband?" asked one of the other women.

"Well, I'll tell you," answered the shapely one. "I make the living and he makes the living worthwhile."

Herm Albright
Indianapolis, Ind.

A woman friend of mine purchased a novelty necklace; it was nothing more than an airplane hanging from a chain.

That night, wearing the necklace, she went to a restaurant for dinner. As she gave her order, she noticed the waiter staring at her.

"I see you're staring at my necklace. . . . Do you like it?"

The waiter, startled and slightly embarrassed, replied, "Er, ah, well, it wasn't the necklace I was staring at. It was the landing strip."

Richard A. Pfennig
East Amherst, N.Y.

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CHEVROLET

SPORTS-RECREATION DEPARTMENT

Here's What Else Is New FOR DAD

Father's Day is the time to turn the old man on. Here's a selection of far-out gift ideas. (June grads will flip for them, too)

PRODUCED BY
MICHAEL BONAVITA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
PETER SAHULA

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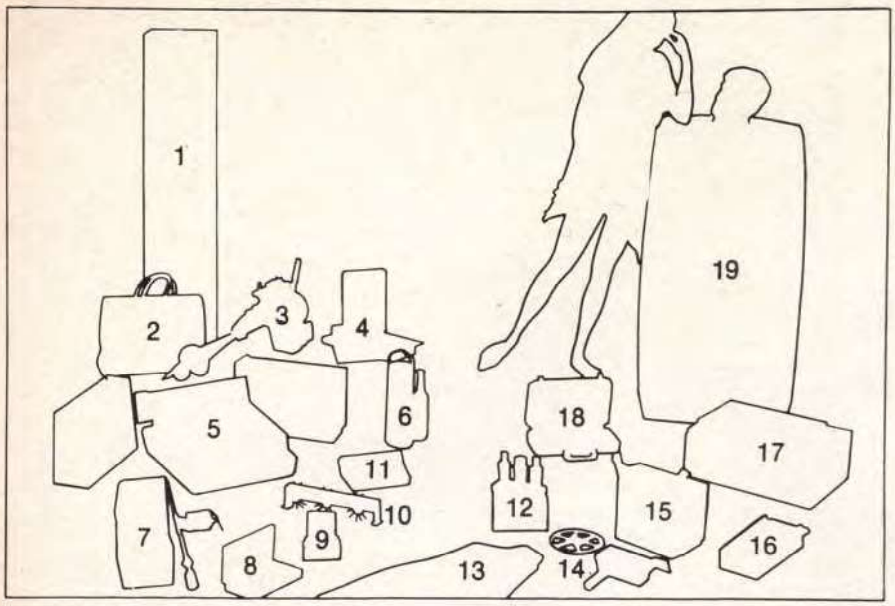
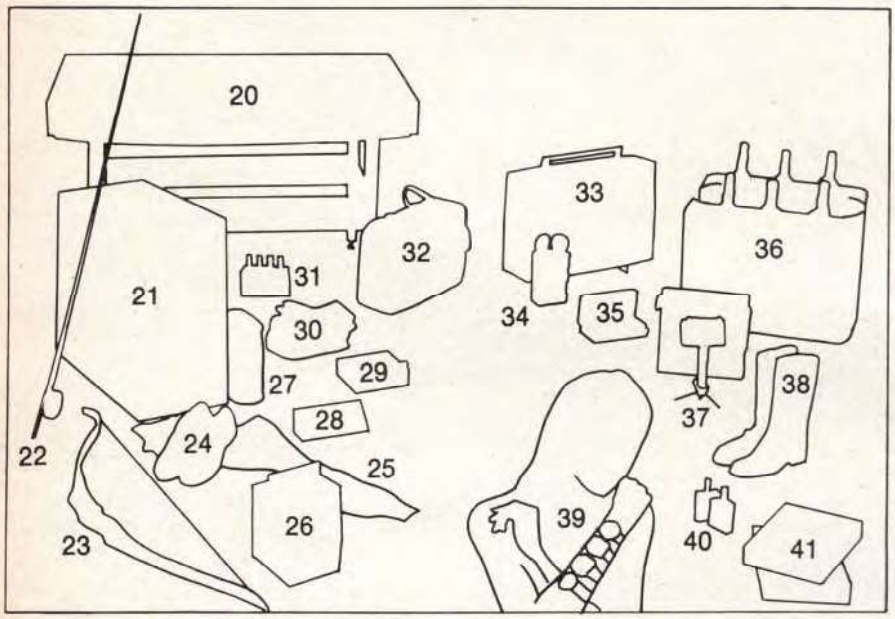
NUMERO UNO

Dads or grads will groove on these gifts. They'll brighten any pad, enliven any game and heat up any gal

FOR LISTINGS, SEE NEXT PAGE

FOR DADS AND GRADS: Guide to Gift Ideas





1. Plexiglas grandfather's clock from Lucidity, New York, $300.

2. Estancia leather bag from Paul Stuart, New York, $70.

3. Evinrude 1½-hp. Mate outboard, $135.

4. Box games (Stocks and Bonds, Twixt, Thinking Man's Golf) from 3M,$7.95 each.

5. Voice of Music stereo phonograph with AM/FM tuner, $269.95.

6. Amity leather bottle, tote, $6.

7. Lowrance Fish-Lo-K-Tor sonar unit, $169.50.

8. Yashica Atoron kit with subminiature camera and accessories, under $110.

9. GE electric clothes brush from Hammacher Schlemmer, New York, $17.50

10. Royal London cordless electric revolving tie rack from Hammacher Schlemmer, $8.50.

11. Panasonic AM/FM desk-model clock radio, $59.98.

12. Jade East cologne and aftershave set, $6.50.

13. Slub silk striped blazer by Blades, Ltd., $100.

14. Bell & Howell Filmosound 8 home-movie camera, $159.95.

15. Filmosound 8 cassette tape recorder, $99.95.

16. Filmosound 8 movie projector, $169.95.

17. Panasonic solid-state four-track stereo tape deck, $329.95.

18. Electro-Voice cardioid microphone set, $204.50.

19. Nusauna portable steam cabinet by Battle Creek, $298.

20. Brunswick Town House billiard table, $195.95.

21. Aluminum hamper by B.L. Designs, Brooklyn, N. Y., $85.

22. Scientific Angler System No. 6: rod, $65; reel, $38.50; fly line, $14.

23. Super Kodiak bow by Bear Archery, $135.

24. Red Wing jogging shoes, $19.95.

25. Two-piece jogging suit by Creighton Shirtmakers, $16.95.

26. Panasonic battery-operated portable television set, $149.95.

27. Grenadier tote bag from Quartermaster Boutique, New York, $20.

28. Panasonic portable AM/FM clock-radio, $69.95.

29. Automobile cassette tape player by Norelco, $120.

30. Swank traveling bag with matching slippers, $6.

31. Numero Uno cologne and aftershave searcher kit, $3.50.

32. Gentlemen's Handi-Pak suitcase by Samsonite, $24.95.

33. Motorola stereo phonograph, $149.88.

34. Norelco home barbershop, $15.

35. Rechargeable triple-header shaver by Norelco, $45.

36. Lucidity fiber-glass portable bar, $335.

37. Yashica Electro-35 kit including electronic camera and accessories, $220.

38. Acme boots of Spanish Brandy glove leather, $20.

39. Watches from top: Breitling stainless steel, $140; Tissot Seaster, $92.50; Longines ultra-chron diver's, $160; Swank 17-jewel, $32.50.

40. GTO cologne and aftershave set, $4.95.

41. Breakthru, a 3M box game, $7.95.

In 3 delicious flavors.

Ice cream comes in every flavor from chocolate, to vanilla fudge, to tutti frutti.

And why not?

Since everyone has different taste in ice cream, there should be different ice cream in everyone's taste.

Well, at Rainier, we think the same thing holds true for beer.

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All you have to do is pick the one that suits your taste best.

Take Rainier Light-Light, for example. A sparkly, bubbly, effervescent beer that has actually been compared to champagne.

If that's too light there's always Rainier Light. A traditionally mild beer that's not too light and not too heavy.

And even if Rainier Light is too light, we still have Rainier Not-So-Light. Beer like they used to make in the old days with a rich, natural flavor.

If that's too light, there's always Rainier Ale. But that's another matter altogether.

Rainier. The "3 beer" company.

Sicks' Rainier Brewing Co., Seattle, Washington

HILLARY CLIMBS A RAGING RIVER

[*Continued from page* 42]

many violent rapids make formidable natural barriers. It wasn't until I came into contact with jet boats that I realized the possibility of using these rivers as transport arteries into Himalayan country. I was introduced to jet boating by fellow New Zealander Jon Hamilton, a famous driver of these boats (included in his feats is the first and only ascent of the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon), and a son of the original inventor.

The jet boat is really a simple enough contraption—a strong fiber-glass hull capable of withstanding bruising contacts with rocks (and quickly repairable if a hole should result), a powerful and reliable inboard engine, and instead of a propeller and rudder, a highly developed water pump. Water is sucked in through a flat grating in the bottom of the boat and projected violently out the back to supply propulsion and steering. There is nothing hanging down below the keel of the boat, so at high speed it only needs three inches of water to operate.

Our main objective was the Sun Kosi River which twists across Nepal from Tibet nearly to India, where it becomes the Sapta Kosi. With its tributaries it forms a giant river system where hundreds of thousands of hill people live. From June to September the monsoon rains drench the area and movement is restricted by slips and washouts on the mountain tracks. Even in the drier seasons it is a long walk of many days to get produce to market in Katmandu, the capital.

I estimated there were 200 miles of river to cover from the Indian border to near Katmandu. I flew by helicopter down 90 miles of the Sun Kosi following each twist and turn from only 100 feet altitude. I photographed each rapid (there's one almost every mile) and had the pilot land us on a number of occasions to look at the river from ground level. The flight was done in the driest season when the river carried the minimum of water, much less than it would during the monsoon, but I saw only two places that looked really difficult. There were still 100 miles of the river I hadn't seen and there might be many more obstacles to overcome, but this uncertainty added something to the challenge.

In July last year I arrived in Katmandu and was joined by various members of my expedition: Jon Hamilton, engineer and chief driver; Dr. Max Pearl, medical officer; Neville Wooderson, builder and plumber. Dr. John McKinnon was already in the Everest area running our small Sherpa hospital, and Dr. Michael Gill and Jim Wilson would be arriving later with the jet boats.

But no expedition to Nepal, even on the rivers, would be the same without the presence of a few of our Sherpa friends. Mingmatsering was our *sardar* or foreman, the man who could be relied on to find the answer to any problem, be it obtaining food where there wasn't any or getting 50 men to carry a boat around a waterfall. Pembertarkey and Phudorje were there too with their unfailing cheerfulness and enormous strength. Peeling potatoes around the campfire or carrying heavy loads at 26,000 feet, they were unshakable and indestructible.

Katmandu was awash with monsoon rains, and heavy clouds made any penetration into the mountains by aircraft impossible. So we had to walk. With 200 heavily laden porters, we trekked across country for 14 days, climbing over high ridges and descending steeply into the valleys. Torrential rain was a constant test of our tents and our camping techniques, and the hard-packed dirt tracks were slick and treacherous.

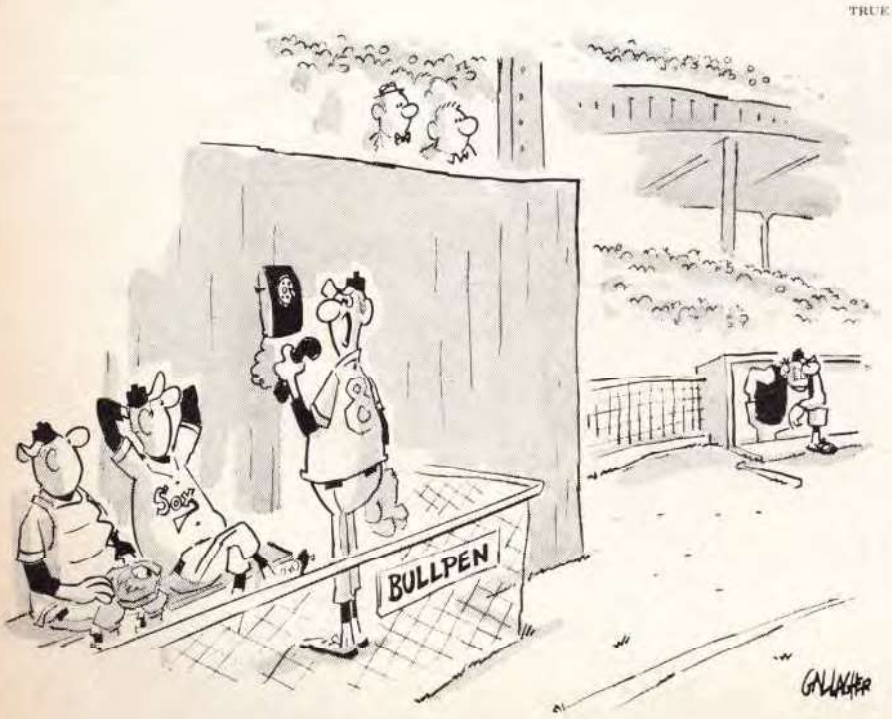
We reached the 10,000-foot village of Junbesi and were warmly welcomed by the 110 Sherpa children who attend the elementary school we established there in 1964. Then on over a high pass into the Dudh Kosi valley, steep and precipitous, draining the southern flanks of Mount Everest. Four days of vigorous walking up this valley brought us to the village of Khunde at 13,000 feet, where I'd established a small hospital in 1966.

And now our hard work really began—for a month we became builders and engineers, enlarging the mountain airfield at Lukla, now closed by the monsoon rains; and doubling in size the village school at Khumjung. Brief clearances in the weather gave us magnificent views of Mount Everest and the other great peaks around us but the clearances were all too few.

By the end of August our task was largely done and we could turn our thoughts back to jet boats. Bad weather was still making flying in Nepal hazardous and we couldn't risk more delays, so I decided that once again we should walk. For 12 days we headed south toward the Indian border over some of the steepest country I had crossed in Nepal. From camps at over 10,000 feet on the crest of a narrow ridge we had some of the most extensive and beautiful views of the Himalayan peaks I have experienced—mighty Kanchenjunga far in the east; Makalu, Everest and Cho Oyu to the north, and the giant mountains of west Nepal.

One day beside the track we found a distressed father and his 18-year-old son. The boy had a compound fracture of his right leg suffered some three weeks before and was in a weak and deteriorating condition. Surrounded by interested villagers, my two doctors operated on the boy, cutting away the infected flesh, straightening the limb and putting it all in plaster. Massive doses of antibiotic gave him a chance for survival and we organized people to carry him to the nearest medical clinic, three days' walk away over the mountains.

On September 12, lean and fit, we arrived in the sweltering Indian border town of Biratnagar. But there was no sign of our jet boats. At last, two bedraggled trucks drove into the border town and Mike Gill and Jim Wilson were waving a welcome. Before long we'd put the *Kiwi* in the water and after Jon Hamilton proved that the boat could roar up the swollen river, we transferred all our equipment and fuel eight miles upstream to the green oasis of Tribeni where three great rivers meet—the Sun Kosi, the Arun and the Tamur. Here we established a comfortable base camp in beautiful and pleasant surroundings, a considerable improvement from the crowded and smelly streets of the border



"I just received an obscene phone call from the manager."

town. Our main objective was to ascend some 160 miles of the Sun Kosi to Katmandu, but the other rivers attracted us as well. The weather adopted a set pattern—torrential rain at night and somewhat cloudy but pleasant days. The river rose and fell in quite remarkable fashion and many times we crawled out in the middle of the night to drag out boats above rising flood waters.

We poked our noses up the steep Tamur River but only made three miles before the rapids became so difficult that we were in danger of risking the boats, so we turned back. Next we turned our attention to the Arun—a mighty river nearly as big as the Sun Kosi and carrying water all the way from the Tibetan side of Mount Everest. I had walked beside the central section of the Arun River on several occasions and crossed the river by dugout canoe and swing bridge. Two of us had even floated down 10 miles of it on a flimsy raft of air mattresses and experienced considerable difficulty in extricating ourselves from a giant whirlpool. Although I had seen no really bad rapids, the map indicated an ominous rise in height over the first 15 miles—a part I hadn't visited—so we could expect some lively traveling.

We set off up the Arun with a good deal of confidence and determination. After the heavy rain, the river was in full flood but the first three miles provided spectacular but easy going. Then the gradient steepened and we met a succession of big rapids up a long, deep gorge. The river was foaming down with giant waves in the middle and no easy water at the sides. Only by determined and skillful driving were Jon Hamilton and Jim Wilson able to make any progress at all. Each time we swung through the steep central waves we took a battering and the farther we went, the harder the effort became.

On one difficult corner Wilson was thrown violently backward by the river but recovered and doggedly plunged through again. At any moment, we felt, we must come to easier water and we became so engrossed in the struggle that the dangers were forgotten.

Twelve miles on we were still battling up a long rough stretch and making very hard work of it. Mike Gill was in the back of our boat watching *Sherpa* plunging through the waves a couple of hundred yards behind. His yell: "She's sinking! She's sinking!" snatched our startled attention. I looked around just in time to see the other boat toss completely over in a couple of great waves that seemed to have risen out of nowhere.

Horrified, we swung around and charged back. Already the boat had gone and I could see only three heads in the water—where was the fourth member of the crew? Jim Wilson and Max Pearl, riding high in their life jackets, were striking out strongly for the shore so we swept past them. To my relief, the last head divided into two and we saw that John McKinnon was dragging Sherpa Ang Pasang slowly toward the bank. Handling the boat brilliantly in the rough water, Jon Hamilton swung us about below the pair and we hauled the two of them over the side.

"Shine?"

Our retreat down the Arun was not one of the better moments of the expedition. Half the party had to walk 12 miles back to camp; the rest of us had a wildly precarious roller-coaster ride back down the rapids. In one bad section we shipped two huge waves and only a lightning reaction by Jon to swing us into the slightly calmer water behind a giant boulder prevented us from taking in more water and possibly sinking. It was half an hour before we had the boat pumped out and dry again.

A floating section of seat and a few pieces of other debris were all we saw of *Sherpa*. The boat must have been torn to pieces on the rocky bottom of the river.

We were a very subdued group that night. Our major task was still ahead of us and we had only one boat left. Plans must be changed. Some of the party would have to be left behind. Was it even worth persisting with the effort?

In due course our natural optimism returned for it was only the Arun that had beaten us—we might still achieve our main objective. It was decided that Jon Hamilton, Jim Wilson, Michael Gill, Mingmatsering and I would try to reach Katmandu in the remaining boat.

It took us several days to complete our preparations and by the evening of September 24 we were ready. As if to challenge our determination, the heavens opened with the heaviest night's rain I have ever experienced. This huge river, a third of a mile wide in front of our camp, rose 10 feet during the hours of darkness and in the morning was a mighty torrent. We decided to push on regardless. The boat was loaded, we climbed aboard and with Jon at the wheel we got underway.

The current in the Sun Kosi was swift and powerful but for six miles we had smooth and easy going between steep bush-clad hills. Skimming along through the superb scenery at 30 mph. was tremendously exhilarating and our confidence was rapidly growing. Perhaps it was all going to be like this?

Then a large side stream created a turbulent rapid and a little farther on the whole river cascaded over two giant boulders. We managed to creep around the side in a patch of calmer water. A third big rapid had giant waves racing in every direction. There was nothing for it but to charge through, tossing violently on every upsurging wave and dropping with resounding crashes into the hollows.

Leaping white foam warned us of more trouble ahead—an appalling rapid this time with the whole river thundering down a steep incline, and waves in the middle being pushed up 10 feet or more. Once again we eased around to the left where the current was racing almost as fast as we were. Thrusting out from the bank was a huge dead tree with a wave breaking over it three feet high. The only way past was to the right under the curl of the first giant wave, but even a hesitation in our motor at this stage could have been the end of us. Slowly we inched our way over the crest and then hastened to safer waters.

As if to placate us, the river became

calm and easy and we covered many miles of beautiful going with dense bush and monkeys jumping around on the banks. Then the valley narrowed and we plunged into a steep and somber gorge with racing water and big toppling waves. It was five miles before we emerged from the gorge and by then we were weary from the constant jarring crashes and violent swerves.

We had now completed 50 miles and it was time to camp. We tooled around another corner seeking a suitable beach and came to still another rapid—a foaming fury of big water.

Battling against the current, we drove up the left side of the river and found that the full force of the water poured over a rock ledge—a most uninviting spot. "I don't like that," muttered Jon and spun us around. A hazardous crossing of the great central waves to the other side was a waste of time as it looked even worse there. So back up the original route we went to aggressively smash across the outside edge of the ledge and then charge up to the lip of the rapid. Three huge waves barred our way and after a great deal of jumping and crashing, we lurched through them to calmer water.

We camped on a white sandy beach beside the tributary Rasua Khola. During the next few days two more jet-boat trips were made bringing fuel and supplies from Tribeni and then we were ready to move on.

Halfway point was the entrance of the Dudh Kosi River another 40 miles up. Carrying a light camp and plenty of gasoline, we set off on a reconnaissance, charging through each rapid as we found it, and making fast time over long easy stretches. We plunged into a deep gorge split by a narrow trench carrying the cold glacier waters of the Dudh Kosi River straight from the slopes of Mount Everest. We couldn't resist turning up the Dudh Kosi and battling with its fast and turbulent flow.

High above us on the steep cliffs, huge apes were swinging across precipitous slopes with a speed and skill far beyond that of any human mountaineer. The valley widened a little and we pulled into the bank beside a small village and were soon surrounded by an excited group of people, most of whom had never seen a European or an engine before. I noticed a comely maiden with a young baby on her hip take its small hand and touch it to the boat, as Sherpas do with something holy in the Khumbu.

We returned to the Sun Kosi hoping for a few more easy miles but turned a corner to find our way blocked by a severe obstacle—two rapids, 400 yards apart, bristling with rocks and dropping substantially in height. Feeling thoroughly subdued, we tied up to the bank and went ashore for a closer examination. It was clear that the "twins" (as we called these rapids) were going to be a problem. Although the river here didn't carry as much water as lower down, it was still a mighty stream and the drop in each rapid was severe. I could see possible routes through both of the rapids but they were badly restricted by large boulders. Only Jon Hamilton, I felt, would be able to tackle such a problem.

We set up camp on a pleasant stretch of green grass and the afternoon was devoted to bringing another load of supplies up the river.

It was a glorious evening as we lay in front of our tents and ate a substantial meal of chicken stew and rice. To the north we saw flashes of lightning, warning us of possible rain in the headwaters. A satellite streaked across the sky and reminded us of the more complex world outside. We seemed a long way from anywhere. If we sank the boat in these rapids, I warned myself, it would take us 10 days to walk to the nearest road.

In the morning we tackled the problem of the rapids.

We emptied *Kiwi* of everything we could move and backpacked the luggage a rough mile to open water. Knowing that the "twins" could be the crux of the whole trip, Jon spent a long time on the bank studying every wave and rock. Then he headed into the bottom rapid using full power against the steep racing water, and taking advantage of the slacker water behind each great boulder. The last few waves threw him about in alarming fashion but he held his course and broke through into the easier central section.

The upper twin was less steep but had far more rocks to dodge. At full speed, Jon hit the rapid like a skier on a slalom course, zigzagging between boulders, bouncing off great waves and sliding in behind protecting rocks. It was a masterly effort of jet-boat driving and a great moment when he finally charged over the crest in safety.

For another 80 miles the Sun Kosi gave us delightful boating—rapids in plenty but none capable of stopping us for long; beautiful forest and the vivid green of terraced fields clinging to the mountainsides; wide peaceful valleys with tree-shaded campsites. And everywhere we went we met cheerful and friendly people who commented on the virtues of our craft with the sober judgment of experienced river folk.

We saw fishermen casting their nets in the shallows and villagers distilling whisky in great copper bowls on the river's edge (straight from the pot it was hot and raw).

Only 12 miles from our destination we met our last severe obstacle—a ferocious rapid in the depths of a precipitous gorge. For a moment it seemed we might be frustrated even at this late stage. All Jon's skill was needed to get us safely through. Then it was on at full speed. We swept around the last corner and saw the road to Katmandu and a group of friends waving. It was good to nose into the bank and turn off the engine at last.

We have proved that the Sun Kosi is possible for jet boats even in monsoon conditions, but much careful investigation will be needed before a commercial operation could be recommended. Of one thing we are quite convinced—the jet boat in Nepal can offer the visitor a new world of beauty, excitement, sport and adventure. We had all these things—plus a few setbacks as well—and someday we'd like to return for another round with the mighty Arun.

—Sir Edmund Hillary

TRUE

"I must have gotten that raise—there's an extra four bucks deducted from my pay."

BIGGER DIGGER OF THE RED WIGGLER

[*Continued from page 55*]

enterprise less readily. "If you want to know what I thought, I thought he was a damn fool," Luther Pitts Duncan, who divides his time between an automobile dealership and fishing, says. "Anybody knows that when you want worms you just go out in the pasture and turn over a cow pie and there they are. Then I got to know Graves, and I brought my mother-in-law all the way from Alabama to help him run the place. Now the first thing I do when I go fishing is stop by and pick up a carton of worms."

Sometimes, at the beginning, Graves himself wondered about the wisdom of worm raising. His first batch froze solid. Later the stove went out in the packing shed and 33,000 worms also froze. This time Mrs. Pearl Hardin, Duncan's mother-in-law and Dick's manager at the time, took them into her house and put them on the radiator in the bedroom. They all thawed out.

The local inhabitants who most appreciated his efforts were the mice, moles and robins. Walter Pace, in a desperate move to protect the bank's investment, sent over a cat. (Pace represents a full-service bank.) The cat, and her progeny, put an end to freeloading.

One night during a heavy rain, Pace's vision actually materialized. Dick Graves looked out over his domain and saw his livestock deserting their flooded pits and flowing away in a solid mass. He ran around shouting, waving his arms and trying to scoop up the worms. It was some time before he realized that the pits were in rows. The worms that left one pit crawled right into another.

Normally the last thing you see at a worm ranch is a worm. They don't like light, which is why the area is festooned with 10-watt bulbs like a small-town used-car lot. Graves' Virginia operation, the Hill Grove Worm Ranch (the other is the Alamance Worm Ranch in North Carolina), contains 10 pits, three feet deep by six feet wide and 150 feet long. They have a dirt bottom, cinder-block sides, and a covering of snow fence held up by 10-foot poles so the dainty little creatures won't get too much sun. Each pit is filled with cow manure, with some ground corn sprinkled over the top. It has little odor, for the manure has to age and cool down before worms can live in it.

On the sides of the pits, legs dangling inside, sit the worm diggers. They are mostly women from small nearby dirt farms. The worm digger sticks her hand into the pile and picks up a glob of manure squirming with worms. Graves specializes in the kind of worm known as red wigglers and they are aptly named. The digger picks out those which are at least three inches long and drops them in a cup. She counts to 110 (Graves gives you an extra 10 percent), then starts on another cup. Diggers get 80 cents per thousand. They can make $12 to $15 in an eight-hour day, twice the pay of a domestic servant in this area.

"I prefer people who can count all the way to 110," Graves says, "but I'll try you out at five bucks a day if you can only count to 10. Count 10 worms 10 times and once more. I'll even try to teach you, as a matter of fact, but my record isn't too good along this line. My only pupil got to 10 but she always left out six, seven and eight. Some people know how to count, but they can't do it when they've got a bunch of worms in their hands. As worm diggers, they're failures. I shouldn't call them worm diggers. They have the same classification as secretaries for workmen's compensation, and the Treasury Department classifies a worm ranch as wildlife farming. So they're really secretaries on a wildlife farm."

When a digger, pardon, secretary, has filled 10 cups she takes them to the packing shed—formerly a chicken house—and gets credit for 80 cents. There's always some manure in the cups, too, so they are placed under a light which sends the worms hustling to the bottom. The packers turn the cups over, like shooting poker dice, and there's a nice round mess of worms.

The worms are shipped in different-sized containers: 1,000 worms to a gallon, 100 to a pint, always plus 10 percent. They are packed in Canadian peat moss which has been soaked for 48 hours to get the fibers wet clear through. Graves guarantees that the worms will arrive alive anywhere in the United States. Kept in a cool place, they'll last for weeks.

Graves has never had any trouble getting customers. The big problem in worm raising, and the reason the small operators go broke, is that they can't fill their orders and their customers go elsewhere. Dick spends about $1,000 a year for classified advertising in outdoor magazines. At first trial orders of one to five thousand came in, and when he delivered, the orders were increased.

Sometimes Dick thinks he has too many customers. There was a lady who ordered a dozen worms for her little girl's pet snake, and wanted to know how long they would last. A man wanted to know if his monkey would eat worms. Dick had to admit ignorance on these matters. A favored customer, who raises tropical fish, frequently comes to the ranch, sits by the pits and digs his own worms. He wants tiny ones his fish won't choke on.

On occasion Graves gets requests for worm eggs. A conscientious young businessman who believes in serving the public, he goes out to the pits himself, pokes around in the muck, and finds the required number. They are smaller than a grain of rice.

He does wish that sometime somebody would tell him what worm eggs are used for. In the fine old journalistic tradition of tracking down the story, I volunteered to find out. One customer for worm eggs was the Department of Zoology of the University of North Carolina. Don Kent, the purchasing agent, after long-distance telephone assurances that no worm eggs had been purchased with state funds, promised full cooperation with the quest.

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Next day I received a collect call from a young lady graduate student. She was indignant.

"If Mr. Kent told you I was feeding my crayfish worm eggs it was an untrue statement!" she declared. "I use only worms in the adult state." Assuaged by promises that no accusation of egg eating would be made against her crayfish, who are working with her in a neurophysiological study, she tendered a testimonial which may help the Hill Grove Worm Ranch corner the crayfish market, albeit at the expense of the cattle industry.

"I tried feeding them chopped veal," she said, "but they greatly prefer red wigglers."

After about 10 dollars worth of long-distance calls, just who does what with worm eggs remains one of oligachaetology's great unsolved mysteries.

Not to belittle North Carolina crayfish, or gardeners who buy worms to enrich and aerate their soil, most worms are bought by fishermen, of whom there are 50 million in the country. While a few purists would starve to death before they'd use anything but a hand-tied fly, even they would agree that the one best all-around bait is a worm. Considering that there are several different kinds of worms, 20 to 30 major suppliers in the United States and Canada, and thousands of backyard and basement operations, the number of worms sold each year must be well over a quarter of a billion.

Some of Graves' customers purchase 50 or 100 worms for their own use. One dedicated angler, for example, makes a tour of the Maine lakes each summer, and Dick has a hundred red wigglers waiting for him on certain dates at prearranged places. A Boy Scout camp on a lake in West Virginia has a standing order for 4,000 worms a week during the summer.

Most of his sales, however, go to bait dealers. He gets $4.50 postpaid for a gallon carton containing 1,000 worms, a couple of dollars more for the same amount packed in cartons of 50 or 100. The big dealers usually buy the large containers and repackage the worms themselves. Many in turn distribute them to smaller bait shops in their area. Some enterprising dealers run weekly routes covering entire states in refrigerated trucks. You can make money without going near a worm pit. As for the poor fisherman, he winds up paying anywhere from 65 cents to $1.25 for a hundred red wigglers.

Dealers are located just about everywhere. A filling station in Bassett, Virginia ("God knows where that is,"), takes 5,000 a week. W. L. Moore, of Walkertown, North Carolina, buys 10,000 a week. He distributes most of them to other bait dealers in the area, and his grandchildren sell the rest off his front porch at 75 cents a hundred.

One of Graves' best customers is Brinkman's Bait Shop, which sells 150,000 a year right in the middle of Philadelphia.

"I'm open from 5 a.m. to 8 p.m.," the owner, William Brinkman, said, "and a lot of my customers are mad at me because I won't open any earlier, but what the hell, I'm 66 years old and 15 hours a day is enough. Most of my sales are to fishermen but I have crazy people coming in here buying worms for snakes, lizards, birds, frogs and God knows what, and some nuts just take 'em home and throw them on the lawn. I sell worms all winter long. As a matter of fact, that's the only time I have to go fishing myself. I sell red wigglers, night crawlers, meal worms, minnows, squid, shrimp and salt bunkers, but I fish with worms and I catch fish. Sometimes the biggest fish take the littlest worm. Fish are as crazy as fishermen."

As for worms versus artificial lures, one of Graves' smaller customers, the Sport Shop, located in a shopping center in Charlottesville, Virginia, breaks the year's bait income down this way: Worms, $1,200; Tiny Torpedo, an artificial lure, $1,100; plastic worms, $800; Rebel, another artificial, $300, and then come all the rest.

After you buy a carton of worms, you're on your own as to how to use them. Dick Graves prefers hand-tied flies, but he does test his own product occasionally. When pond fishing, he simply throws the baited hook in and just leaves it there, on the theory that the wiggling worm will attract the fish. Fishing in a stream, however, he twitches the rod tip.

Dick Graves' emergence as a major worm raiser is one of the world's great success stories—in reverse. He went, in a sense, from the top to the bottom. He remembers very well the day his descent began. It was a lovely spring morning in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia. He was sitting on a big tank of insect spray, smoking a cigarette and looking out over the Graves family's holdings, 5,000 acres making up a Ponderosa of the East. Apple and peach orchards ran up the sides of the mountains. On the pastureland beneath him grazed a herd of 1,000 Black Angus cattle.

There were only two things wrong with this paradise. One, even the largest farm is a precarious enterprise. Frost can wipe out a fruit crop, disease can decimate

TRUE

"Any questions before we start?"

herd of livestock. Second, young Richard, then 29, was the low man on the Graves totem pole and consequently relegated to insect spraying. He didn't like the constant effort to kill all insect life and upset the balance of nature. Further, as official mixologist, he had to handle several different kinds of concentrated poison. It occurred to him that, if in diluted form the stuff would kill practically everything that moved, then all that concentration just might have the same effect on Richard Graves.

So, this lovely morning, he finished mixing the lethal spray, opened up the valve so the workmen could start spraying, and sat down with a hunting-and-fishing magazine. He read every word in it, including the classified advertisements. One of them said: Make $10,000 a year in your spare time, raising fishing worms.

Now Dick Graves is not stupid. He has managed to acquire a bachelor of science degree from Virginia Polytechnic Institute, a pilot's license, and a good-looking wife named Selma. Thus he knew that nobody makes $10,000 a year in his spare time doing anything, much less raising fishing worms.

But he still answered the ad. When the material arrived it was mostly designed to sell him worms he didn't need at an outrageous price. But he didn't forget it.

When weekends come, Dick, Selma and their daughter Martha stick a pin in a map and go there. They carry fishing tackle in the car and just about any place they go, they find an opportunity to use it. Dick began noticing signs on the highways advertising live bait. On secondary roads leading to rivers and lakes, he'd see more and more: Roadside stands, filling stations, country stores, bait-and-tackle shops, boat landings. You could buy minnows, crickets, crawfish, but the big market was in worms.

There were night crawlers, six to eight inches long, big as young snakes, selling for around 60 cents per dozen. Marine worms, or bloodworms, flat, pink, ugly-looking creatures, brought about the same price. As a boy, Dick had followed the plow and picked up worms when he wanted to go fishing. These, he now learned, were called brown-nosed worms, and people actually bought them. But the most popular of all were the smaller worms known generally as red wigglers.

They were also the easiest to raise and sell commercially. Bloodworms are collected in tidal areas. As for night crawlers, it's difficult to ship and store the African variety as they die at temperatures under 60 degrees. Another variety of night crawlers comes from Canada. Professional harvesters, wearing miners' lanterns with red filters and canvas buckets strapped to each leg, crawl over grassy fields at night, picking up worms with both hands. It takes a special skill, for if a night crawler senses a light or a presence, it snaps back in its hole like a rubber band. Distributing Canadian night crawlers is another problem, for they can't survive at temperatures over 60 degrees.

The brown-nosed worm keeps in a wider range of temperatures, but the red wiggler is even hardier, and more prolific. Under proper conditions, 1,000 of them can multiply to 10 million in a year. Graves began seeing himself on top of a mountain of red wigglers—at $4.50 per thousand, postpaid, with every fisherman a potential customer. He could be his own boss, with not an ounce of insecticide on the place.

He began collecting more material on worm raising and visited the nearest successful operation, the Alamance Worm Ranch in North Carolina. The owner, J. H. Lindsay, showed him around and answered all his questions. Then he began looking for property far enough away from the Graves family operation so that he wouldn't have to compete with his own people for labor. He found an old farm called Hill Grove, and financing at Fork Union.

Working weekends, he cleared an acre, dammed up a pond, bulldozed pits, and found a farmer willing to sell a barnful of manure. Then he drove a truck to the Alamance ranch and bought $1,000 worth of culture—the top layer of manure, containing worms of all sizes—at $3 a cubic foot. After a year, he quit the family on good terms, and became a full-time worm rancher.

All this time, his red wigglers were cooperating in the nicest possible way. When it comes to sex, the red wiggler had an enviably independent libido: It can take it or leave it alone. If a red wiggler wants to lay a couple of eggs all by itself, it hauls off and does so, or so Graves says. Making time with a pit mate is a more complicated procedure but it produces more eggs. At mating time, each worm secretes a band around its body. Then the two mating worms each crawl inside the other's band. It's like making love to a girl with each of you wearing an innertube.

When the moment of bliss is over, the wiggling lovers separate. Each one's band starts sliding forward, picking up the fertilized eggs en route. When it slips over the worm's head, it snaps shut like a collapsing doughnut and the result is an egg case. This is really what Dick sent the Carolina zoologists, rather than individual eggs. For out of it, three weeks later, crawl two to 20 baby worms. Not long after that, what with a comfy pad of juicy manure, some ground corn and plenty of water, each little worm is ready to snuggle inside a willing mate's band and start the whole thing all over again.

Graves says that any 10-year-old can raise worms—and some do—but successful big-time oligochaetizing requires efficiency just like anything else. Dick has experimented with feed, everything from fruit pulp to animal fat, and has concluded that nothing is better than ground corn. He devised his own worm containers and shipping boxes. He had a few unhappy experiences with the U.S. Mail. One time a postmaster called him to say a box had broken, worms were all over the place, and what was he supposed to do?

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"My promotion came through too late to save my marriage—thank goodness!"

"Take the day off and go fishing," Dick said. But he looked around for better ways to ship, and now most of his worms travel first class, by United Parcel Service.

So efficiently did he operate, so diligently did his red wigglers multiply, that J. H. Lindsay asked to buy a half interest in the Hill Grove Ranch.

"Would you sell a half interest if you were me?" Dick asked.

"Well, no, I guess I wouldn't," Lindsay said.

A couple of years ago Lindsay began getting tired of the worm business and offered to sell out. He named the price. "Would you pay that much if you were me?" Dick asked. "Yep, I would," Lindsay said. "Okay," Dick said. He went back to his friendly banker, borrowed the money, and bought the ranch. He can now ship a total of a half-million worms a day.

Driving time between the two ranches is four hours. Flying time is less than an hour. Dick bought a new Cessna 182, learned to fly it, and thus became the world's first air-commuting oligochaetologist. If you're flying over Virginia or North Carolina sometime and hear an airport radio operator talking to Red Wiggler 58 X-Ray, that's Dick.

In the summer of 1966, a serious drought hit the entire eastern seaboard. To a worm, rainwater is an aphrodisiac. Graves poured pond and well water on his pits at both ranches, but his red wigglers became sulky misogynists. He couldn't fill his orders. He called worm raisers all over the country and finally found one in Tennessee who had been blessed with rain and would part with some worms—for a price. Dick could either pay it and fill his orders, or lose his customers.

"Start packing," he said. "I'll pick 'em up this afternoon."

"This afternoon?" came the startled voice from 400 miles away.

"This afternoon," Dick repeated.

He had not received his instrument rating at that time and the skies over Tennessee were overcast. His instructor, an English professor named James B. Colvert, agreed to fly Operation Red Wiggler.

"After flying bombing raids over Germany, I thought I'd seen about everything," Colvert told me recently, "but this was the craziest trip yet. We landed at some town near Memphis and Dick went off and came back with all these cardboard cartons, like ice-cream containers, filled with worms. He packed them in everywhere, in the luggage compartment, on the back seat—he'd have put 'em in my lap if I'd let him. That nice new plane, all full of stinking worms. Coming back, we saw thunderstorms ahead. Suddenly there was St. Elmo's fire all around the propeller. Dick thought that was great. There's an expression pilots use when things look bad. Things are going to the worms. I couldn't get it out of my head. I could see a search party finding the plane with a million worms crawling all over it and me, and saying, 'By God, he wasn't kidding.' But we got through okay, and I guess Dick sold his damn worms. They were a lot calmer than I was."

Though this airborne oligochaetologist remains dedicated to his prime mission of keeping American hooks baited with red wigglers, he foresees the day when the major part of his income will be not from the worms themselves, but from their product. Nobody, but nobody, can rival the earthworm in making manure. It doesn't stink, either. The red wiggler has several hearts, a hundred or more pairs of kidneys, a marvelous appetite and a terrific digestive system. Eating is a simple operation for a worm; it opens its mouth and moves forward, taking in food, dirt, everything. Its gizzard grinds all this up and pushes the mixture back into a combination stomach-intestine of remarkable efficiency. The earthworm goes through life leaving a trail of unsurpassed fertility. Charles Darwin, known for his theory of evolution, actually spent far more time on earthworms. He maintained that over the ages they have created practically all the topsoil in the world.

When Graves made his first visit to a worm ranch he saw a tomato plant growing out of worm castings, as manure is referred to by ladies' garden clubs. "People don't believe me when I say that tomato plant was 15 feet tall," he told me, "but I climbed a nine-foot ladder and then I had to reach to touch the top of it."

After Dick had some worm manure of his own, he carried on some informal experiments with it. A friend had an abandoned tennis court on which nothing could grow. He spread a quarter inch of worm manure on it and now it's one of the finest lawns in the county.

Dick bought six young tomato plants. He planted two in worm castings, two in a mixture of cow manure and dirt and two in a mixture of dirt and commercial fertilizer. The ones planted in worm castings produced over a bushel each of tomatoes bigger than grapefruit.

The Carolina ranch had long sold worm castings to local people for 60 cents a bushel, or $15 a truckload. Graves has a friend who's a buyer for a chain of supermarkets, and one day he hesitantly asked if there was a large-scale market for worm castings.

"There would be if we could get enough of it," the buyer said. "Women buy it for potting soil to grow houseplants like African violets."

"What would you sell it for?" Graves asked.

"Oh, we could get about two dollars, two-fifty, for a one-gallon bag," the buyer said. "Of course you'd have to mix it with topsoil and sand for porosity."

Graves did some hasty mental figuring, and turned the color of a red wiggler. What he was selling for 60 cents straight would retail for about $50 cut with dirt and sand.

He swallowed and said, "I've got some."

"Great," the buyer said. "I'll take 200,000 bags a year."

Dick could not begin delivery immediately. Government regulations require that castings be heated to destroy Japanese beetles. He had to design and have equipment manufactured to mix the ingredients, heat the mixture, and bag it. He is just getting started in this new phase of worm culture, but, as a pioneer in what looks like a sure thing, he's already beginning to see himself as a big man in manure. **—Booton Herndon**

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They'd like the government to take steps that would eventually lead to fewer brands in the stores, and therefore, less competition.

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And he can't average 241 in the line because the Colts average only 233?

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MAN TO MAN ANSWERS

From the staff of TRUE

Q: How many children did George Washington have? *Frederick Bell, Norfolk, Va.*

A: The "father of his country" had no children of his own. However, he was extremely fond of his two stepchildren, John Parke Custis and Martha Parke Custis, and of his stepgrandchildren. Washington adopted his wife's two youngest grandchildren after the death of their father, John Parke Custis, at Yorktown.

Q: What is the world's daily suicide rate? Which professional group has the highest rate? *V. Blaine, Philadelphia, Pa.*

A: Throughout the world, on an average day, at least 1,000 people commit suicide, a World Health Organization study reveals. Physicians, dentists and lawyers are likely to have higher suicide rates in industrialized countries than other professionals.

Q: What is the highest price ever paid for an impressionist painting at auction? *A. Letzig, San Francisco, Calif.*

A: Auguste Renoir's *Le Pont des Arts, Paris* was sold for $1,550,000 in the fall of 1968, a price which set a world auction record for impressionist paintings. It topped by nearly $140,000 the record sum of $1,411,200 paid for Claude Monet's *La Terrasse à Ste.-Adresse,* bought last year at a London auction by the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Q: Why were the members of the religious sect that combined celibacy with communal living called the Shakers? Did they practice shaking? *John Masters, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.*

A: In their worship services, the Shakers, who originated in 18th-century England as an offshoot of the Quakers, would first meditate, then tremble, shake, shout, pace and sing. They became known as Shaking Quakers, then as Shakers. Even though the practice of shaking was renounced around 1900, the name persists in their formal title, United Society of Shakers. In 1774 their leader, Mother Ann Lee, and eight followers came to upstate New York, where the members subsequently operated efficient farms and industries and lived peaceful lives. The Shakers had 6,000 members in 18 settlements just before the Civil War. Today their membership is 16.

Q: What's the origin of the word *apartheid?* And what does apartheid policy mean? *Richard Goodman, Dayton, Ohio*

A: Apartheid is an Afrikaans word from the Dutch, and means separateness. It is used to describe a political policy that the government of South Africa has followed since 1948, which is defined officially as "separate racial development." In practice, it means separation of Negro and white races.

United States Marine Corps

Q: Has the Medal of Honor ever been awarded to a Negro Marine? *Victor Sandler, Canton, Ohio*

A: The nation's highest award for heroism was awarded posthumously on August 21, 1968, to Pfc. James Anderson, Jr., a Negro Marine of Compton, California, who gave his life to save his comrades in Viet Nam. Officials said it was the first Medal of Honor in Marine Corps history to be awarded to a Negro.

Q: How much has the U.S. population increased since 1960? *Howard Sanchez, New York, N.Y.*

A: As of November 1, 1968, our population was 201.9 million, including servicemen overseas. The Census Bureau estimates there are at least 21.3 million more Americans today than there were in 1960, 11.9 percent above the 1960 official census.

Q: What is meant by "rule of thumb"? *Eric Vance, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

A: Originally it meant measuring with the thumb—literally. A thumb or a thumb's breadth was regarded as being equal to one inch by clothiers and carpenters centuries ago. Brewers "thumb-brewed" ale and beer by dipping their thumbs into the vats to determine the heat of the fermenting brew. Figuratively speaking, any simple and practical way of measuring based on practice and experience, rather than exact formula, is by extension called rule of thumb.

Q: I recently saw a reference to a new type of rice called IR-8, a "miracle rice" grown in South Viet Nam with U.S. assistance. What kind of rice is it? *Bob Frame, Macon, Ga.*

A: The new breed of rice, developed several years ago, set a record for yields in Viet Nam—about 1.6 tons per acre—twice that gathered from native strains. This "miracle rice" is grown in only two-thirds the time it takes other strains to mature. IR-8 was the first strain developed by the International Rice Research Institute, which began operations in the Philippines in 1962 and is supported largely by the Ford and Rockefeller foundations. The new rice, which looks and tastes different from native varieties, produces more grains per stalk. It is a cross between strains grown in Taiwan and Indonesia and has consistently performed better than local types in tests in India, Pakistan, Laos and Viet Nam. However, IR-8, which requires extensive use of fertilizer and pesticides and extra labor, is expensive to grow. Originally, only a few thousand acres in a river valley called Vodat, 75 miles from Saigon, where the rice crop had been ruined by floods, were planted with IR-8. But the South Vietnamese Ministry of Agriculture, backed by the Agency for International Development, expected to have 110,000 acres planted by the end of 1968, and 500,000 acres by the end of 1969. Because of IR-8's success, the rice strain has been called "Than Nong," the name of the traditional Vietnamese god of agriculture. It is hoped by the Vietnamese government that by 1971, the country will again be self-sufficient in rice. About 700,000 tons of rice were imported last year, mostly from the United States.

Q: How many Alaskan seals will the U.S. government make available to American processors to be turned into fur coats? How large is the seal herd on the Pribilof Islands in the Bering Sea? ***D. Scripps, Portland, Ore.***

A: For the last 10 years the government quota has remained roughly the same: about 50,000. The kill is regulated to maintain the Alaskan seal herd at around 1.5 million.

Q: Did young George Washington throw a Spanish piece-of-eight, or a silver dollar, across the Rappahannock River, at Fredericksburg, Virginia? ***A. Bates, Atlanta, Ga.***

A: In young Washington's time the Spanish piece-of-eight, a common coin, was often called a dollar (the U.S. silver dollar did not exist until 1792). But it's generally agreed that although Washington probably threw stones across the river, he kept his dollars in his pockets.

Q: Why did Canada recently change the name of the Greenland halibut to the Greenland turbot? ***Al Samuels, Boston, Mass.***

A: The United States had banned the use of the former name, because of objections by U.S. halibut fishermen to imports of the so-called Greenland halibut, which is really a turbot—although both the true halibut and the turbot are flatfishes. Most of the Canadian production of Greenland turbot is sold in the United States.

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Q: Which state has the longest official name? ***Samuel Miller, El Paso, Tex.***

A: Rhode Island, the nation's smallest state, has the longest official name: State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

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TRUE welcomes any reasonable question, but cannot provide individual replies. The most interesting questions will be answered in these columns. Address your inquiries to TRUE Magazine, Dept. T-6, 67 West 44 St., New York, N.Y. 10036

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WILL MAN WIPE OUT HIS FURRY FIRST COUSINS?

[*Continued from page* 47]

pneumatic bag, which absorbed the tons of lethal pressure.

Still sitting on the sled after the impact, 3605 looked fine. The instruments on the control box said he was as healthy as before he took the trip.

Since then, several research groups, including a Ford Motor Company team, have worked on technical problems that still must be solved before this device can be installed in cars and planes. But already the experience of Holloman's baboons has affected every American driver. When car makers questioned the need for shoulder straps on seat belts—now compulsory under the new Motor Vehicle Safety Act—subhumans on the Daisy proved the government's point.

As long as we can call the experimental primates "subhumans," we may be able to avoid feeling the guilt of mass murder. But it is becoming more difficult to regard them as mere animals. Their fast-growing role in transplant operations, for example, makes them seem more and more human. Their body parts can work in our bodies. Already there have been several ape-to-human organ operations—and even a heart transplant, performed by Dr. James Hardy at the University of Mississippi in Jackson.

The practical potential of primates as a source of replacement parts for the body of man was demonstrated as early as 1964. In a New Orleans hospital, Edith Parker, a 23-year-old teacher, lay dangerously ill with both kidneys hopelessly damaged. The only action that could save her life was a kidney transplant. This meant waiting until human kidneys were available. The kidneys had to come from a suitable person who had just died from some other cause.

Edith Parker did not have time to wait. So Dr. Keith Reemtsma of Tulane University Medical School tried a dramatic experiment: he transplanted two chimpanzee kidneys into the body of Edith Parker. She survived the operation and even went back to teaching until at last, nine months later, her body rejected the organs and she died.

"Within three or four years," says Dr. James Mowbray, a member of a London transplant team, "the development of immunosuppressive techniques to prevent rejection should have caught up to a point where it will be possible to use chimps and baboons."

It will be possible, that is, as long as the supply of chimps and baboons holds up.

The supply may not. There is no adequate control over the subhuman slave trade—either in America or in the jungles. The waste within the jungles is appalling. For example, one method used by natives to catch a baby chimp, which will still cling to its mother when she is dead, is to kill the parent—a technique that not only aggravates the alarming shortage of the creatures, but is unnecessary. The baby could be captured by knocking the mother out temporarily with an anesthetic dart.

Even after the furry slaves have been caught, ignorance of simple dietary needs may destroy them. "Some of the animals you see in the hands of dealers are in a terrible state," says primatologist Dr. Peter Jewell. "Often this is because the dealers just feed them on bananas—which means that they're starved of adequate protein."

Some governments have instituted a degree of local supervision. India, for example, demands a "certificate of need"—acceptable only from reputable research centers and drug firms—before it will let monkeys out of the country. Kenya, which often acts as a traffic route for the animals from Uganda and Tanzania, has a system of export licenses. But there are no cohesive international agreements to save these almost-men as there are, for example, to protect the polar bear. Not even the vanishing chimps are on the protected list.

The nearest approach to multilateral action to control any part of this slave trade was not initiated by an international body. It was sparked by an angry bearded Englishman named Neville Whittaker. He set out seven years ago to stop needless deaths rooted in the same cause that created havoc in the human slave ships: overcrowding.

On an October morning in 1961, a DC-6 air freighter from Nairobi landed in England. Trucks of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals waited to transport 270 baboons and vervets to a big center at London Airport that acts as a monkey hotel during the change of planes for the final leg of the journey to America. When RSPCA men boarded the aircraft, they found that 105 of the primates were dead.

Although there were unusual factors on this trip—including a 16-hour stopover at Khartoum due to engine trouble—Neville Whittaker, manager of the RSPCA hostel, decided it was time to check the slaughter. Two weeks later, a small party of RSPCA men and airline officials flew to Nairobi for talks with trappers, exporters and game department officials. The result was "The Monkey Charter," which laid down minimum standards for crate sizes and on-the-journey care. It was backed by the governments of Kenya and India and endorsed by all the carrier airlines.

Because of the agreement, according to George Bower, who runs a similar

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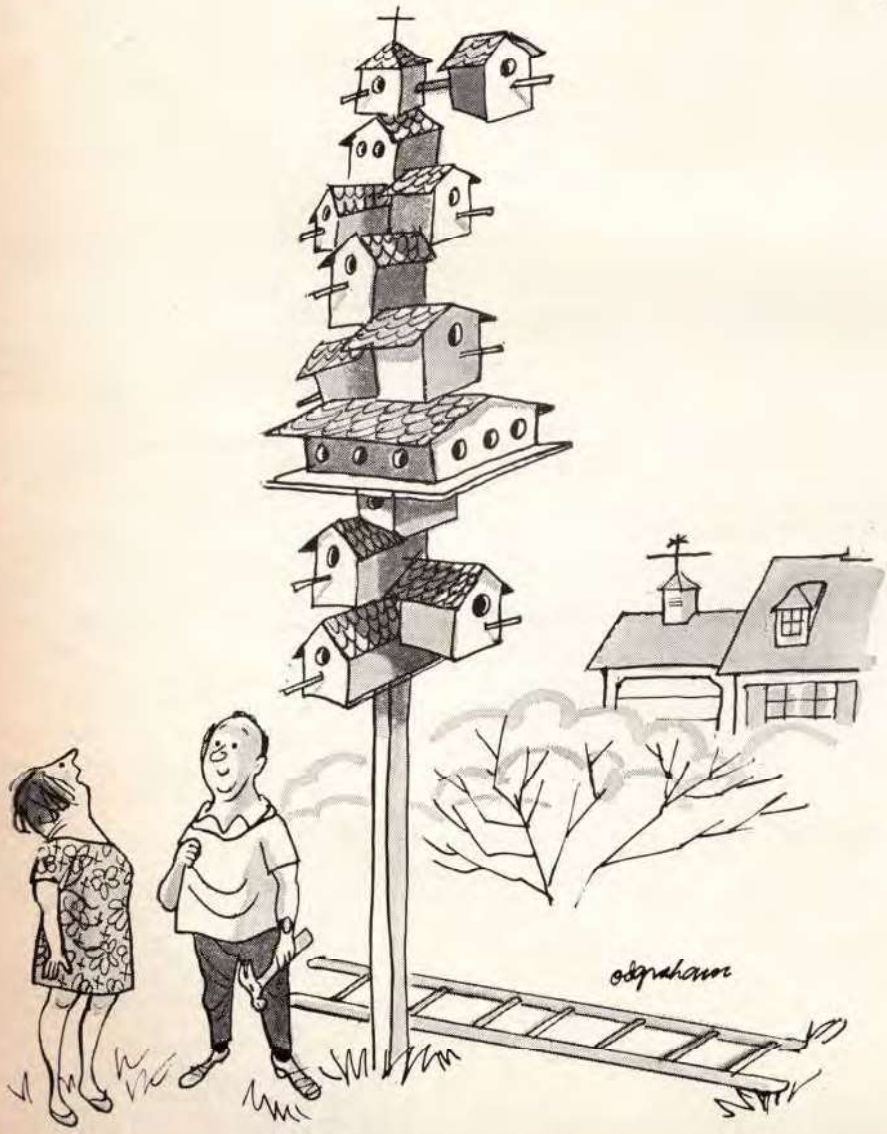

"So you built a bird ghetto. Big deal!"

animal hotel at New York's Kennedy Airport, "deaths are pretty rare today." International agreement, therefore, could help the animals.

The U.S. government, worried about the supply of subhumans, has set up seven Regional Primate Research Centers. They cost taxpayers more than $10 million a year. These centers study primates as well as breeding them. The studying is useful. "We really need to know the complete life history of the primates we are using in research," says Dr. Lloyd Neurauter, former assistant chief of the program. But how useful is the breeding?

The idea that America can ever breed as many subhumans as are now imported from the wild seems overoptimistic to most biologists. "You only have to look at the numbers," commented one research man, "to see that logistically this isn't possible."

Even if it were possible, the cost per animal—according to one estimate—would be at least 10 times greater than that of animals growing wild in the jungle. (With prices ranging from upwards of $25 apiece for rhesus monkeys and $45 for baboons to the many-times-more-expensive chimpanzees, the primates are already the most costly creatures used in research.) Since primates do not mature sexually until relatively late—six years old for baboons, about eight for chimps—and even then produce only one infant a year, production at breeding centers would necessarily be not only costly but limited. The jungle trappers, taking animals bred on the free board and lodging of nature, seem safe in assuming they still have a profitable future.

Domestic breeding centers, however, will inevitably play a vital role. They'll not only produce new knowledge about primates; they'll also provide carefully bred subhumans for highly sophisticated studies. For example, there is a colony of 200 specially bred chimpanzees at Holloman Air Force Base. These chimps have done a lot of work for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. They've helped NASA find out what might happen, for instance, if an astronaut tore his suit while outside his spacecraft.

"We knew that at 63,000 feet a man's blood would boil," says NASA's Col. Rufus Hessberg. "But exactly how long would we have to do anything about it? If he survived, what damage would have been done? Could he ever recover mentally?"

Jim, a seven-year-old male chimp, was the first to try long exposure to a vacuum. He was harnessed in a vacuum chamber and, in two quick stages, plunged into an almost total vacuum—the equivalent of space at 125,000 feet.

For 12 seconds he writhed, his body jerking against the harness, head moving from side to side, jaws mashing, the loose flesh of his face swelling. Then he went limp. He stayed in that vacuum for a full minute. Then the scientists brought him "down."

An hour and a half later, he was not only conscious again but apparently quite unharmed—physically and mentally.

Since then, 21 chimps have taken part in vacuum experiments as the research team systematically increased the period of exposure. Three of the primates died of heart failure, but by last spring the answer to Colonel Hessberg's question had almost certainly been established. The normal limit that a chimp could survive in a vacuum was 3½ minutes. Human experience would probably be the same. Before the program, NASA doctors had believed that an astronaut would almost certainly die in a few seconds of exposure to outer space. Now they knew they have some leeway if there ever is a torn-suit emergency.

This type of study with subhumans is clearly aimed at discovering crucial information, but are all experiments in which primates are used as valid? According to Peter Scott, chairman of the World Wild Life Fund, many of the programs carried out in American research laboratories overlap each other—and primates die needlessly. "There is considerable waste," he says, "arising from the great competition for federal grants. Research centers have to put on a show to impress Washington."

In 1961 The Humane Society of the United States—which claims to support vivisection where it is scientifically necessary—commissioned a survey of some of the experiments that every year swallow up $840 million of public funds. Its purpose was to find whether more animals were used than were needed for the aims of the researchers.

The survey firm, Westat Research Analysts, reported that "74.6 percent [of the experiments in the sample studied] could have, by use of proper statistical design, employed reduced numbers of animals with essentially no loss in statistical significance."

Certainly some experiments appear less useful than others, and some seem excessively cruel.

"The privilege which our civilized age has extended to scientists has been abused," declared Christine Stevens, president of New York's Animal Welfare Institute, in recent testimony before a Senate subcommittee. She went on to cite cases of monkeys who had been maintained in restraining chairs continuously for "two to five months . . . monkeys whose spinal cords had been severed for weeks. . . ."

Bills designed to control research workers are often put before Congress—but these are bitterly fought by many scientists on the ground that they would inhibit man's search for knowledge.

Quite apart from the issue of cruelty, the present free-for-all in the forests and the laboratories, with its inherent waste, suggests a need for some control. Otherwise, the requirements of vital research may be sacrificed to the demands of mere scientific curiosity.

It is possible that our perspective on the morality of what human scientists are doing to near-humans may, in time, seem twisted. To many people, the slave trade was justified by the economics of cotton. Are our rationalizations about the subhuman slave trade just as wrong?

—Michael Pearson

CHICAGO

SEWER COVER ARTIST

BY SAM ROSENBERG

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR

■ In an age when soup cans and the twisted wreckage of automobiles are acclaimed as significant art, Chicago artist Frank Vavruska stands tall among the creative innovators. His contribution to the art world has been to discover and popularize the esthetic merits of manhole covers. The inventor of "sewerrealism" is shown here making a rubbing of one of these objets d'art in his sunlit studio. By applying paint with painstaking care to heavy paper or canvas laid over the sewer lid, Vavruska reproduces—and immortalizes—the various designs of Chicago manhole covers. Besides his studio work, he makes rubbings on location, sometimes right in the middle of a busy street. "The greatest hazard is not from traffic," he says, "but from small boys who decide to play leapfrog with me." The 130-pound artist also has trouble dealing with lids that weigh as much as 900 pounds. A bachelor, he claims that he'll marry when he finds a girl who's a good cook and is strong enough to swing manhole covers. ■

THE 2ND ACT

[*Continued from page 29*]

medical school." He did. Today, Doctor Ribner teaches neurology at the New York Medical College and also practices as a board certified neurologist in the Bronx. He has never regretted his choice.

Larry Jaeger, on the other hand, had come from an irreligious background, but began to feel the need of a spiritual life "which, I discovered, had nothing whatever to do with the life of the intellect." So, at 33, he became a Quaker.

At that time he was a very successful, highly paid copywriter in a New York advertising agency specializing in mail-order ads. "I was really treated quite well at the agency," he says. "I always got the accounts I wanted—you know, none of those real-estate accounts which are the bane of the mail-order man. In fact, I had the most genteel accounts—book clubs, record clubs. And I lived the most genteel of lives in fashionable Fairfield County. I cannot say that I disliked the advertising business or my work. It was just quite simply that I was seriously a Quaker and I grew more and more to feel that my life did not square with my beliefs. I felt I had to do something more useful."

He spent several years investigating organizations like the American Friends Service Committee. But the financial problem was too enormous. If he had worked with a Friends group for a few years, in order to support his wife and three children he would have had to exhaust his savings. Then someone suggested teaching in a Quaker school. "My friends thought I might be a good teacher and I had always rather fancied I might, too. Of course, money is a problem there also. But I hit upon the idea of a boarding school, where in point of fact one has very little expense. The pay is small but the school supplies a house and board. I went around visiting various Quaker schools. Finally, I took a job as English teacher and director of publications at a Quaker school in Poughkeepsie. I left advertising, left Fairfield County, and packed my family to Poughkeepsie."

Jaeger taught there for only two years. He is now living in Park Slope, an integrated, or at least mixed, community in Brooklyn. What happened?

"I discovered that I absolutely loved teaching, and was really good at it. But there were problems. I discovered that I loved kids far more than teachers. I expected greater competence and seriousness from them. And they had very little commitment to the students. Instead they were more intent on upholding the Establishment. And so many of them were merely hiding out. They actually referred to the world as 'outside.'

"I found out that I really wanted to be 'outside.' I mean specifically in the cities, where the real importance is. I did not want to hide out. I felt that I was not really acting on my Quaker concerns in Poughkeepsie. And I felt I was throwing too many things away—my gift as a writer, for instance. So I decided after my second year that teaching private school in Poughkeepsie was not the final step for me. Now, living where I am, I feel I can bring my Quaker concerns to bear on the problems of the city. I plan to do some advertising again—I already have some retainers—but only on a free-lance basis. Otherwise I would not have the time to take part in the community effort, which, by the way, I plan to do only through Quaker organizations. I figure we can eat for at least a year. I know I drive my wife a little crazy because I say: God will provide. But that's the way I do feel: it will work out, somehow."

Many people change not to get out of the rat race but to get into it, not to do something morally significant but to become rich. Teachers enter business, academics go into advertising, scientists become industrial entrepreneurs. And sometimes even Bohemian intellectual types, presumably dashing their dreams, return to middle-class life and end up millionaires. I spent a good many hours speaking with one man who is now closing a deal to sell his company for something in the neighborhood of $6,000,000 and still finds his wealth and business success somewhat unreal.

By 30, Ted Lawrence had already had about nine "careers." He had gone through the roster of jobs one usually finds on young novelists' book jackets: seaman, longshoreman, union organizer, teacher, publicist. For two years he trained at night to be a lay therapist. For at least five years he was working on, or threatening to work on, a book tentatively titled *A History of Underground Thought Since 1918*.

"I think what I wanted to be," says Lawrence ironically, "was what now is fashionably called a guru. I wanted to be a wise man, a really wise man, and be adviser to the whole world. I did not think this was such a large task when I was young. But I was unaware how small a market there was for what I had to offer.

"Anyway, it began to seem absurd when the way I actually earned my living a good deal of the time was writing dumb press releases for philanthropic fund raising. I had two kids, I was out of a job and sick of my life, when my uncle offered me a place in his company. Just out of kindness. He had a little hole-in-the-wall plant manufacturing molded plastic objects and he wanted me to help him run it. I would be his 'inside' man. I think what he felt was that I wouldn't be so hot but at least he could trust me."

It turned out that Ted Lawrence had a feeling for machines, an instinct for invention. He was a born engineer. The business prospered soon after he joined it, and he began making a large income. About four years later he invented a new way to protect and store film and other important records in plastic sheets, and the company really boomed. In its small field, it acquired what approached a monopoly. And Lawrence began to get very, very rich—as much to his embarrass-

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ment as his pleasure. What was a guru doing with all that money? So he kept his unfashionable Greenwich Village apartment. He remained aggressively tieless, without style. His friends still think of him as a man who makes a lot of money, but not as a *rich* man.

Then this year one of America's major corporations offered to buy the company and make it a subsidiary, with Lawrence to run it for at least five years. "Six million! What an incredible amount of money. That's enough for generations. Sort of nutty, isn't it, me with six million?"

The real problem, as Ted Lawrence sees it, is not the difficulty of adjusting to six million dollars. It is what happens when his five-year contract is up. "I'll still be young, I'm only 43 now. And I'll be completely free to do whatever I want. I'll be compelled to. But I don't have the same desires I had 10 years ago. I'm in many ways a different person. I've lost interest in that book. I gave up on therapy a long time ago. I won't have the factory. I tell you, it scares me."

With some people the second act has always been there as an avocation, running side by side with the first. Then at some point, as with Dick Ennslen, the realization comes that it is really what he wants to do. Until he was 36, six years ago, Ennslen owned a wholesale food business in Reading, Pennsylvania. Then he became a musical comedy performer.

Dick had begun to take singing lessons at the age of nine. From then on he was always involved in some form of amateur singing and acting. He was on local radio, he was a soloist in the church choir, and eventually, in his early 30's, he sang major roles in the local Civic Opera.

He was always pursued by the absolute conviction—which he often voiced to his wife even when he was fully involved in his food business—that he would be a famous star. Ennslen has a marvelous naïveté and simplicity—he can voice the oldest romantic clichés of show business in such a way that you know he really *felt* them. He says he always knew, secretly, that he was destined to be a star; he always knew, even when he was on the road selling food, that he would see his name in lights. He *knew*.

And yet, for many years, he did nothing about it. But when he began to receive larger roles in the opera, the conflict became clear; he wondered how he could continue pursuing a career he disliked and avoiding the avocation which he loved. He became distracted at work, and had quarrels with his brother, who accused him of losing interest in the business.

Finally, through a boyhood friend who had become important in the advertising world, he got an appointment for an audition with Harry Kalcheim, of the William Morris Agency. Mr. Kalcheim is one of the most influential and powerful theatrical agents in New York.

The whole episode has the air of one of these Hollywood scenarios of the 1930's. Ennslen came to New York accompanied by several friends, to determine once and for all whether he should take the leap. If Mr. Kalcheim said he wasn't good enough, he was going right back to Reading and keep on selling cheese wholesale. And he wanted his friends there to hear the verdict, so there wouldn't be any doubt in anyone's mind.

Ennslen was warming up in the William Morris studios with one of Kalcheim's assistants. After a few minutes the assistant called up Kalcheim and declared that this guy was so worth hearing that Kalcheim should bring down two men from other departments. When they had all assembled, Ennslen went through his repertoire. He sang for three hours; they were enthusiastic. They felt he could make it. Could he come back in a week to audition for someone else? Well . . . he was going on the road that week, and he wasn't sure. Complications. How could they get together? More complications. In fact, the whole sequence of the next few weeks is understandably vague in

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Ennslen's mind. The fact is, he panicked. The minute he said "yes," he began to think of his four children, the long, risky, difficult climb, the simple, secure life in Reading; and he lost his nerve.

It was not until two years later that he regained it, and he and his brother amicably agreed to sell their wholesale food business.

It should be made clear that Dick Ennslen is not by nature a plunger or high liver. In Reading he and his family lived the straightest, simplest, middle-class life. (Later, when he did commercials, he was chosen for roles that required the nice, All-American, not *too* handsome face.) And financially he had always been very conservative. Indeed, when sometime later he needed money and had to bring his family to the New York area, it was hard to persuade him to buy his new house with a mortgage; his home in Reading had been mortgage free. Which had been one of the few assets he had when he became a singer, for the money from the sale of the business went into a trust fund for his mother. He received help from a friend, who lent him $10,000. This was basically what he had—plus a fifth child—when he came to New York to attend the Musical Theatre Academy of New York. His family remained at home in Reading. He lived at the Y.

Considering his age, he had relatively good luck. He started acting in TV commercials and that very first summer performed with a good summer-stock company handling important roles. He's been with musical summer-stock companies ever since. In doing some revivals at the New York City Center, he drew the attention of Frank Loesser, the man responsible for *Most Happy Fella, Guys and Dolls* and other famous musical comedies; and now Loesser has promised him a major role in his next production on Broadway. "I never had any doubts about my voice, nobody does when they hear it. But after all, I don't look like Robert Goulet. I'm just sort of a bulky, pleasant-faced man, not too tall. I had to prove that I could act. I think I have, and maybe this is the year I'll hit it big."

But was he really happier, had it really been worth it?

"Well, the truth is, I've told my wife that this is my last year. If I don't make it big I'll do something else. Probably real estate near where we live in New Canaan. It isn't just the money. In absolute terms I make about the same. But everything else seems wrong.

"I've grown apart from my family. I spend weeks away from them, we don't speak to each other in the same way. And I know my wife is not happy. And yet when I'm acting I'm completely involved in it, it's my whole life and nothing else exists. And I never relax. I just can't any more. I feel terrible that I haven't been able to give more time to my kids, I haven't been able to give them the education I would have been able to if I had stayed in Reading. My oldest daughter is in college and never asks me for a cent. I said to her the other day that we didn't seem to talk to each other much any more and she said: 'Well, you sort of asked us to wait and we've just been waiting.' I don't expect them to wait for me much longer. But listen, whatever happens I had to do what I did. I had to find out."

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NICOTINE TRAP

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With many people, it is almost not a matter of choice at all. There is Sy Katelson, who formerly ran a photographic laboratory. He only knew—unlike Larry Haeger—that life in the city was intolerable. His wife agreed—"the terrible pressures, the urine in the subways, the faces filled with hate"—and they picked a spot on the New York map that said Woodstock. They went up with no plans and ended up owning an art movie house.

Or Mike Cohen, who now makes picture frames and sculpts. He had been the owner of a successful display house. He was constantly running, constantly furious, constantly exhausted. And then once he awoke in the middle of the night and found he could not swallow. He thought he was dying. He threw on his clothes and drove to a hospital. The doctor merely suggested that he drink some warm water. *Globus hystericus*, he called it. Mike realized that one day he might *really* be sick if he did not change his life.

With some people the career comes out of a hobby, or from some civic or philanthropic activity. Frederick Byrne, 49, father of six, went through the Columbia University New Careers program headed by Dean John Bourne. Formerly a successful salesman of men's underwear, today Byrne is assistant librarian at Columbia's Graduate School of Business Administration. How come? Six years before he had been elected a trustee of the public library in Mount Kisco, New York. He grew interested in library work and eventually decided he preferred it to selling. With savings from his selling career, he was able to spend a year at the Columbia University School of Library Services, with tuition provided by the New Careers program, then funded by the Ford Foundation. The New Careers program, guided by Dean Bourne, is designed to help a man already successful in one career gain an advanced degree to get started on another career. Dean Bourne notes that the men who applied for the program, now inoperative, had "more venturesome spirits, more flexible minds."

With Fletcher Waller, it was his hobby, sailing, that brought on change. Five years ago he was a Bell & Howell vice-president in Chicago, working 14 hours a day. He loved sailing but could never get his boat out. He quit his job and started his own business—renting boats and teaching sailing. Though his income is now less than his former income tax, his new career has had a good effect on his life and marriage. "We fell in love," says Waller.

Mr. Waller's comment brings up the whole question of a wife's response to her husband's change of career.

There are many variations in the wives' reactions, but the essence is captured by one woman: "I faced a sharp division between what I thought and what I felt. I understood my husband's situation, I sympathized with his sense of being trapped. But I also began to see how shaky I could feel when all the money and all the comforts weren't absolutely assured. Of course, they are never assured, but when a man's been in a job for 15 years you tend to think it's assured. How easy it is to feel vulnerable when you have children. I began to doubt him. I was not sure that he could handle his change. At the same time I knew I could not undermine him by expressing my doubt. So I began to feel a little angry, too. Of course, part of me was rather pleased and proud that he even had the guts to try it, whether he succeeded or not. And when he pulled it off, even at some loss of income, I was really, you know, sort of impressed with him. And he was impressed with himself and happier. We've all been happier."

And what do authorities think of second-actors? Psychoanalyst Dr. Herbert Strean considers the Second Act an "identity crisis." He observes that, "In cases I've treated of men seeking a change, it is often a matter of their true identity making itself known. When it does, these men frequently become at peace with themselves. There are no doubt risks involved, and considerable anxiety, but the possible benefits are well worth it. For in a sense the bet is on life itself, on the whole principle of self-renewal."

Yet for each man who makes the big move, there are a hundred who don't. Men undergo crises that last a lifetime, dissatisfactions which are so constant they seem to become the nature of life and therefore unchangeable; or therefore acceptable. With the help of society's distractions, the tides of dissatisfaction rise and pass away. Men spend eight hours waiting for the evening; the weekend, the drink, the affair, the children. They endure.

But as affluence and the spirit of ceaseless change grow in the country—along with a certain optimism—more and more men will find it within themselves to risk a change, to have second acts and even a third. —**Marvin Elkoff**

STOP HANDOUTS TO THE RICH!

[*Continued from page* 25]

compensated for the loss of the oil that nature took millions of years to make.

Over the years, the oil depletion allowance has taken on a mystical, pseudoscientific quality. For many, the allowance, 27½ percent, seems to represent some exact compensation for the damage being done to nature's storage vaults. Actually, it is nothing more than a compromise reached by Congress 43 years ago. The Senate had voted a 30 percent allowance, and the House had agreed to 25 percent. The two Houses split the difference.

The depletion allowance is only one of a great many tax dodges set up for the oilmen. As former Sen. Paul Douglas once pointed out, "A charwoman earning $55 a week paid more in income taxes than an oil company whose income was $26 million." Two of America's biggest oilmen pay less than $5,000 a year in income tax. H.L. Hunt, the Texas oil magnate, spends considerably more each year to fight welfare programs than he pays in taxes.

These oil millionaires are by no means unique. While there are 2.2 million families officially listed as below the poverty line who must pay taxes, there are many with exceptionally high incomes who pay no taxes at all. Our tax system, which is badly in need of total reform, supposedly places the heaviest burdens on those best able to pay. Yet the computers of the Internal Revenue Service have disclosed a surprisingly high number of citizens with incomes in excess of $1 million a year who pay at the same effective rate as men earning only $20,000. Perhaps these people who have gone through the graduated tax system so remarkably could be called taxpayers *cum laude*.

Possibly a reason that most Americans are willing to blink at the abuses of the tax system by the rich may be that they themselves have found a small loophole that helps them cut down on their own tax bill, such as being able to deduct all the interest and all the property taxes they pay from their income before computing their tax.

The slightly more affluent have more tax breaks. They can lease their automobiles as "business expenses," and write off the entire cost, a far easier method than the depreciation deductions for owned autos. Successful businessmen have found that the cost of vacation houses and expensive cabin cruisers can be charged to business expenses, and thus become deductible. They, too, have been put in a position where it is difficult for them to complain about the really costly tax breaks.

One particularly insidious—though legal—business practice gnaws away at the public through the special tax rate set up for small businesses. A considerable number of multimillion-dollar corporations have set up each of their subsections as individual corporations. In this way, each corporation pays the lower small-business tax. Some of these business giants have split themselves into hundreds of smaller corporations, and gain an annual tax saving that runs into the millions.

Similarly, many wealthy persons and corporations have exploited the tax-free status given to charitable foundations. Under this mask, they are able to deduct funds "contributed" to the foundations from their taxes, and still use the money for business and personal purposes.

It is part of the creed of a capitalist society that business must succeed or fail on its merits; that businesses take risks and profit or lose on them. With increasing frequency, however, businessmen are eliminating the risk factor from their operations with government subsidies. Much of this is a result of military contracts, which guarantee corporations a profit on their product, even when they do not perform up to contractual standards. Some of these corporations have sustained enormous losses when they ventured into the private, competitive marketplace, and have quickly retreated back to the safety of defense contracting.

Now, industry is looking for federal handouts to underwrite its adventures in the private sector. The most notorious example, perhaps, is the supersonic transport. The federal government is already subsidizing the development of this plane at a cost of $500 million. The total federal contribution that will have to be made before the SST is unloosing its sonic thunderbolts upon earthbound humans is estimated as high as $4.5 billion. The government has always been exceedingly generous to the airlines and the aircraft manufacturers, but the SST seems to be something less than the wisest possible investment of our dollars.

The handouts, doles, bribes and giveaways go into almost every segment of American life. Almost everyone gets something, but it is the rich who get the most. The net effect tightens the noose of hunger and hopelessness around the necks of Americans at the bottom of the economic ladder. It is easy to see why so many of them feel so bitter and desperate that they take their grievances into the streets.

Many of my colleagues in Congress, who are aware that the nation must cut back on its spending, believe that the giveaway programs are the logical place to start the cutting. I agree with them. It is time for everyone to start carrying a fair share of the load. The cutting should begin where it would do the most good—with the programs that cost the taxpayers the most money. They include the subsidies, tax loopholes, gifts and payoffs that give more money to the rich at the expense of other Americans.

—Sen. George S. McGovern

TRUE

"I don't like this moon stuff—sounds like opening up another Siberia to me."

[*Continued from page* 52]

mostly because I didn't leave myself enough time. I had expected that the trout season would extend at least through August, as it does over most of Europe. Instead, Portugal's trouting runs from April 1st through July (except for sea trout in the Minho River, open through September), and when I discovered this it was nearly June—only four weeks before our departure.

In panic I called an airline serving Portugal. The year before, one of Alitalia's New York travel experts had firmed up our trout trip to Italy by referring me to a hotel manager in the Dolomites who was a fisherman. This time around, Alitalia recommended Bill D'Orey in Lisbon, a travel agent and developer of tourist properties. "D'Orey arranges bird shoots in Portugal for Winchester," I was told. "He *must* be knowledgeable on trout; his company has been in business since 1885."

Well, Bill D'Orey disarmed me with candor. "We know little about our trout fishing," he wrote. "But if you'd like to explore and evaluate it for us, I'll ask a young partner in our Oporto office to go north with you and help."

So it was that after staying in Sesimbra we flew to Oporto, about three quarters of the way up the coast, to meet John Ramos and his wife Teresa—two lively and recently married young Portuguese with a good command of English—and begin a leisurely car journey of exploration. Our common goal was the network of streams draining the hill country of the northwest corner of Portugal that fronts the Atlantic.

There are so far no restrictions to fishing nearly all of these waters, by the way—one can go virtually anywhere, and I never saw such a thing as a posted sign. The state stocks rivers with brook, rainbow and brown trout. Many of the latter are of the seagoing variety and ascend the rivers with access to the Atlantic (where we were fishing) in weights from about one pound to eight. A very few Atlantic salmon are taken by sportsmen from the Minho, the river separating northern Portugal and Spain, and I would guess that the Lima, a bit to the south, also yields a few salmon.

Our fishing was extremely casual. We'd cross a stream and after staring at the water immediately below the bridge, get out of the car to have a closer look. I soon noticed that all this water was quite low and ultraclear—conditions hardly ideal for productive fishing, since most of the streams also were on the small side.

But we kept at it. An engineer from a fish hatchery we had visited joined us one afternoon and showed us one of his pet brooks, so small in places I could straddle it. Using light spinning gear and tiny lures, he caught some brown trout that day in sizes up to about nine inches maximum.

What I remember best about that stream, which ran through a farm, was a discovery we made while crossing a tributary. It was boggy and, looking for a place to cross, we came to a small stone house. John looked through the doorway and beckoned us inside. An old woman was grinding grain (corn, I think) with a water-powered millstone. The tiny brook came right through this old millhouse, and when the woman pulled a wood lever to engage the millstone, it revolved with surprising ease upon a flat rock. We watched as the ground grain emerged, flourlike, from the wheel's rim.

Much of rural Portugal in the north has a look of history about it. Some of the narrow lanes we walked down and bridges we crossed had stones that were worn at the time the Romans came. You see towns with double and even triple walls built for their defense against the Moors and other invaders of centuries ago. Old castles, lovely churches, fragments of ruins stud the countryside.

One day on a narrow road we pulled over to let a hay wagon drawn by two oxen pass. Then, following the wagon slowly, John Ramos noticed a roadside marker.

"Something interesting down there," he remarked.

We followed the wagon on foot for a while until we came to a huge rock with rough steps cut into one side. As we climbed, we saw gravelike recesses cut deep and with great precision into the rock. Beheaded Moorish chieftains had lain here in the 10th century. Steve obligingly lay in one grave for a picture. Elsewhere nearby there were square holes cut into the solid rock as precise measures for grain.

Trout fishing with a flavor? Sure. I remember the morning when we stopped to look down from a bridge and a woman came along the road driving a tethered pig before her. And the day we went to a village for lunch and found a huge outdoor market in operation, with everything imaginable for sale from harmonicas to live chickens to reading glasses, as well as pots and pans, fruit, clothing, dried fish, wristwatches. Wherever you go you feel welcome in Portugal, and prowling around this thronged marketplace was just one more fine experience.

For us, it was all part of adventuring in a foreign country lush with pleasures large and seemingly insignificant. Take so slight a thing as a cup of coffee: we were driving with John and Teresa through some small town one day when suddenly John said, "Let's have coffee."

Out we got, to take chairs at a table by the town square. Coffee in small cups was brought. I didn't drink mine at first, entranced as I was by people-watching (a man leading a donkey was carrying a chicken under his other arm). At last I took a sip. And another. Feeling somewhat like an actor in a television commercial when he tastes a supposedly delicious brew, I had to remark that I thought this was exceptional coffee, something like *espresso* though not as strong or bitter. It turned out to be *ordinary* Portuguese coffee, and we were to enjoy a good bit more of it before the trip was over.

But back to the fishing. One day I decided to try a big river instead of the streams we'd been concentrating on, so John Ramos drove along the Minho while I stared out the window looking for a good spot to try. Presently we came to a place where a brook empties into the big river and we got out to examine the entry pool. Several good-sized fish lay here, heads pointing toward the entering brook with its cool water. We all took rods and hurried to the river.

It was with considerable excitement that I cast a dry fly to these fish—while Pris and Steve tried spinning nearby—and was rewarded with a smashing strike. The fish proved to be a brown trout only seven or eight inches long, however, and when I got a closer look at the bigger boys out there, I discovered they weren't trout at all, but some sort of coarse fish.

Pris and I salvaged the deal by picking a capful of wild blackberries while Steve plinked with the air pistol he'd bought earlier on one of our drives out of Sesimbra.

Farther down the river I saw several

fish rising to gray mayflies on a big flat above the town of Monçao, and we stopped again. Wearing hip boots, I got out as far as possible, but even with 90-foot casts I couldn't quite reach the fish. The river is about 150 yards wide at this point over a bottom of rounded stones, with plenty of room to fight a vigorous fish, if only——

Two fish began rising closer to me. I shortened my cast and hooked a weak struggler which, to my great disappointment, proved to be a coarse species like one of our chubs whose taste Thoreau once characterized as being like "brown paper salted." Presently a school of them swam past, rising as they went, and I saw they were all like the one I'd just released.

My vision of splendid, hard-fighting sea trout or possibly even a salmon vanished after I also tried the appropriate wet flies for them. What I didn't know then was that sea trout *are* caught—but by spinning, mostly from boats, in the Minho from April through September from Verdoejo (above Valença) to Monçao (where I was) and even up to Sao Gregorio just west of the Spanish border. But I wasn't aware of this yet, and could find no one who knew the river to advise me.

Just the same, we all were to get into the sea trout before the trip was over, and in the most unlikely of ways.

Meanwhile, we tried the scenic Coura again, in an area a bit west of the town of Paredes de Coura. It was here that I'd seen the big rainbow mentioned earlier, and though I never saw it again—or another comparable to it—the river was so lovely and held such promise that we kept returning to it.

But as for catching worthwhile trout, the Coura and all the other minor rivers and streams we fished in mid-July were a waste of time, and for two reasons.

First, the upper half of Portugal (where the trout are) has the same latitude as southern New York and Connecticut (where I live and fish) *and the same period of good stream trout fishing* —April and May being best, with a week or two in June if water levels haven't fallen drastically. July is usually hopeless because of the extreme low-water conditions, which we were encountering —and it was at this point July 25. The season was really over, though it wouldn't end officially for six more days.

Second, though good-sized trout can sometimes be caught in low water at dawn and in the late evening as well—both being times when they *must* feed—this was impossible for us because we were staying at a hotel an hour and a half's drive away. Impossible? Was it worth getting up at 3:30 a.m. or missing supper? We thought not.

Frankly—though I am the kind of trout addict who will stay with them for 12 hours when I'm with someone equally dedicated—I was having so much fun just *living* in Portugal that the fish could go hang if they wouldn't cooperate during convenient hours.

For instance, we had become acquainted with a few of the good Portuguese table wines while at Sesimbra, and our telling this to John Ramos brought a gleam to his eyes, for he was expert and had once been in the wine business. Wherever we went with John, he would go to great pains to show us the choicest. Since there are more than 100 varieties of Portuguese table wines, his advice was invaluable.

For lunch, we'd usually look for an inn prosperous enough to have a wine cellar, though once we went to a place so humble there was only the red wine of the house, drawn right from the barrel and served in a pitcher. It was tolerable and so was the meal, with the usual two robust entrees. "You may not realize it," John remarked of the fish course, "but this is cod, prepared in one of the 200 or so ways known to us."

What we really looked forward to most was the long drive back through the hills to Viana do Castelo and supper at our hotel, a stately place crowning a hilltop with tall-ceilinged rooms and impeccable

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service in the dining room. I'll never forget the evening when John selected a *vinho verde* of a *marque* that he particularly regarded. The bottle of white wine was brought to the table by the sommelier, ceremoniously opened and a small amount poured into John's glass. He sipped.

"Este vinho nao está bon," he pronounced. "This wine is no good."

The sommelier was horrified. Asking permission, he took a sip and then he too made a face. The wine had gone sour. Well! I'd long been waiting for someone with the taste and nerve to flat-out reject a wine in a posh place, and here it was. The next bottle was delicious.

After supper there would be the occasion of a very special glass of old port, picked by John after a scrutiny of the hotel's rather long list. Occasionally he would settle on a vintage port which, as its name suggests, is made from grapes of one season, to be drunk after it is 20 years old up to about age 50. But more often it would be a tawny, a blend of old ports, one of which might be as old as 100 years. Less sweet and lighter bodied than either vintage or the familiar ruby, tawny port is often a delicate pink. White port, I learned, is preferred before a meal as an appetizer and is usually the color of pale sherry, which it resembles in taste.

But I'm straying from the fishing again—and the miraculous find that John Ramos made, in Viriato Santos, a commercial fisherman who lives at the island fort where the Minho River embraces the Atlantic.

We arranged to meet him one morning simply by crossing the sand dunes and walking the beach till we were opposite the old fort, where we waved an orange rain jacket to attract his attention. Presently a sturdy little inboard-powered fishing vessel, piled high with nets, put out across the quarter mile of intervening channel and hove to while a small boy in a dory picked us up.

Santos headed for the open Atlantic for sea trout and proceeded south along the coast, keeping about 300 yards offshore. Short, stocky and barefooted, Santos was the only person aboard who didn't have to grab a rail when the boat pitched. I noticed that he had a handline coiled in readiness near the tiller, and I had a look at his sea-trout lure which was homemade and simple: a three-inch bit of red rubber tubing as thick as a pencil with a hook at the midpoint and at the end. He had about a one-ounce sinker a yard or so above the lure.

Seeing this red lure, I broke out a couple of red-and-white Dardevle spoons about two inches long and attached them to two spinning outfits.

When we came opposite some rocks a couple of miles from the fort, Santos dropped his handline over. Steve was feeling a trifle seasick, so John and I manned the spinning outfits.

Presently I saw Santos flinch as a fish struck, at which point he started bringing in line hand over hand, the tiller bar now wedged casually against a hip. I felt a sudden savage strike. Then John yelled. For a few wonderful moments all three of us battled lusty sea trout which flashed again and again into the brilliant sunlight. Then my fish and John's threw our hooks.

Viriato Santos landed about a two-pounder by flipping the fish inboard into a bucket. In seconds he had his handline back in the sea. Just then I had another strike, and this trout I boated after a satisfying struggle.

Soon we'd lost them, whereupon Santos heeled the boat over in a tight turn and before long we were into them hard again, Santos this time bringing about a five-pounder to the rail and then losing it. John Ramos leaned into a strong fish. I had two trout on briefly and hardly minded when each got off after strong runs ending in leaps.

"Ask him how many trout are here," I shouted at John over the wind, which was freshening.

"All he wants for the market, with what his boy can bring up too. He says they are out here in great schools, waiting for the river to cool before they ascend it."

"Ask him how big they get."

John paused while he converted kilos to pounds. "Five, six, seven pounds. But most are around two and three."

We circled into the trout again and poor Steve lost his breakfast; in my excitement I hadn't noticed how wildly the boat was pitching. It had been a grand meeting with the trout at last, and now we knew where they were. Back we headed for the fort.

The fort was fascinating. An old cannon stood on a parapet pointed roughly toward Spain, only a few hundred yards away across the water. Reddish seaweed was drying on stone battlements—bound for the U.S., John explained, for use in plastics manufacturing.

A dory rowed by a woman approached the fort's sand beach—Mrs. Santos was returning from selling a catch of lobsters in Spain, where they command a premium price. Elsewhere on the rocky part of the tiny island members of the other two resident fishermen's families picked the red seaweed, now that the tide was out. We poked around the old fort, looking at huge rusted anchors, the modern blinker light, some long-unused living quarters.

Presently Viriato Santos invited us to lunch, which we accepted, and led us past a flock of busy chickens to crowd up the narrow stone steps to his bright kitchen. Though Pris, Steve and I could only partly understand his language, his welcome was clear.

And our trip was far from over. We had yet to see the astonishing terraced vineyards of the Douro Valley where the grapes that become port are grown (you are seldom far from vineyards in Portugal, even as far north as we were now). We would dine in some fancy places in Lisbon, including restaurants in an old quarter where they sing the *fado* so well, those sad, endless songs of heartbreak and despair. And we were to sample yet another seaside resort.

We were again to wave the orange rain jacket on the beach to summon Mr. Santos, once the wind had died, to take us to the sea-trout bonanza.

Finally, before we climbed aboard the big Alitalia jet to New York, we found that our funds had stretched to cover a full three weeks instead of the fortnight that Bill D'Orey had planned so carefully for us.

There is a lush Portugal and there is also an unsophisticated, simple Portugal. We liked the latter best and now, in the Santos kitchen, we were enjoying it to its fullest, with the north light streaming through the slightly purpled windowpanes while the girls busied themselves helping with the meal. This was the time I remember best, spent with people with whom I could communicate yet not actually converse.

John set a pitcher of *tinto* on the table and Santos passed a plate of homemade bread. I poured Steve a glass of the red wine and said, "Settle your stomach with a little bread and wine."

I lit my pipe, sat back and raised my glass to Mr. Santos. This was a fishing trip? Ah yes, the finest ever.

—Peter Barrett

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"I've never had spaghetti before."

SURGEON GENERAL OF SPORTS

[*Continued from page* 49]

seasons, 1962-1966—with a combination of arthritis and epicondylitis of the left elbow and a "frozen" finger, and lead the Dodgers into three World Series—without Kerlan. A crippled Bill Toomey couldn't have won the 1968 Olympic decathlon without an operation by Kerlan. Rod Laver wouldn't be tops in pro tennis and Elgin Baylor long ago would have limped out of basketball without Kerlan. The doctor has treated Juan Marichal's back, Al Kaline's foot, Chi Chi Rodriguez's thumb, Maury Wills' knee, Walter Blum's spine, Johnny Callison's leg, Rink Babka's shoulder, Robin Roberts' neck, Elston Howard's arm and the foot of Tommy Davis. The result was new life for all of them and the list just begins there.

"The thing about Docky," says Koufax, using his pet name for Kerlan, "is that he doesn't blow a diagnosis. Or an operation. Players have been ruined by bad surgery. But I know of almost no one who's gone to him he hasn't helped, and nobody he's hurt."

Shoemaker's femur, however, offered a good chance for a major disaster.

The bone involved was child-size (Shoemaker is 101 pounds, 4-feet-11)—so small it was not fit for application of regular screws, clamps, chisels and nails. Shoe was also age 36, with bones likely to fragment. One slip of the tools and the result could be failure of the break to unite or permanent knee stiffness. This was only the beginning of the problem. Kerlan's job was triple: not just to heal the leg, but also to return Shoe to the track with the least possible delay and fix the break so that it could withstand another fall from a horse.

The latter requirement tells you why teams and individuals (or their insurance carriers) will pay any fee to a top sports orthopedist. Repair of an ordinary patient need carry no assurance that he'll stand up under head-on tackles, 17-foot drops from a pole or collisions with outfield fences. Shoemaker rides about 1,100 mounts per year.

Before going into surgery, Kerlan explained to Shoe what they were up against, describing several ways the work could be done and outlining the risk of each method.

"Hell, do it the way you think is best," said the jockey. "All I want is a chance to ride again."

"You'll get it," replied Kerlan, who is always optimistic at tough moments. "I'd like to put a long nail, or rod in you. From hip to knee."

"A stiff rod?"

"Yep. Made of chromium-cobalt alloy."

Shoemaker's agent, Harry Silbert, panicked and perspiring, groaned, "Jeez, Doc, Shoe has gotta have flexibility in his leg to get ahold of those horses! How can you shove a rod in him and have any kind of rider left?"

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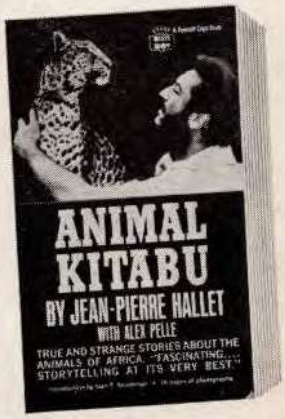

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"The fuzz are the real mind benders. They have sticks."

"He'll be okay," said Kerlan. "He'll have good movement."

"Where does this rod go?" inquired Shoe, weakly.

"Right through the marrow of the bone, after I bore it out with a power-operated reamer. It holds everything in place while nature heals the fracture. We call it intramedullary fixation."

Silbert showed signs of faintness at this news, but the Shoe then gave Kerlan one of the best compliments he's ever received. "Shove it where you want, Doctor. Anything you say is good enough for me."

Ready now to proceed, the surgeon realized that he didn't have in stock a rod small enough to fit into the thighbone. A rush trip to Children's Hospital in Los Angeles was made to pick up a 13-year-old-size shaft which would meet Shoemaker's dimensions.

Following the knife work, Shoe spent the spring, summer and fall of 1968 sitting around, brooding. Ten months passed and he couldn't ride. He hadn't healed. The rumor spread that the operation had gone wrong and he was finished. At the tracks you heard, "He's a cripple. He's got to have a second operation to even walk again."

Shoemaker worried so much that he called in a Chicago specialist to check up on Kerlan. "It's remarkably fine work," said the Chicago man. "Nobody could have done better for you."

Suddenly, last January, a year from the day of his accident, he felt new life flooding his leg. He reported to Kerlan—who had said nothing during the period of criticism, beyond insisting that Shoe would recover, in due time—and was placed upon a table. Kerlan twisted and pulled the leg roughly. It was as harsh as such a test can get. "Tell me," Kerlan asked, knowing the answer, "where does it hurt?"

"Nowhere," grinned Shoemaker. "It feels fine."

"Then go get yourself some mounts," said the doctor. "You're a well man."

Sixty thousand fans, scoffers included, turned out for the champ's return to action, on February 11. He entered three races at Santa Anita, on nonfavorites. He tied a track record in one and came from far behind in the others. With a rod in his leg, he won all three events. It was as sensational a comeback as ever happened. From there, he went on to boot in winners as regularly as before.

Today, racing people come up to slap Kerlan's back and say they knew all along he'd pull Willie through.

Kerlan only smiles, slightly.

"If things had gone the other way," he remarked not long ago, "they figured to lynch me from the starting gate."

Failure is something he doesn't worry much about, for Bob Kerlan has a lot going for him. He has applied himself to a medical branch long neglected in this country. He has studied foreign techniques and he makes it a point to know his patients on such a personal basis that the most badly broken up believe him when he tells them, "You'll get back in there." While psychology isn't his field, Kerlan is forced to practice it because athletes need more than treatment. They need someone who is expert in the games they play and to whom they can confide secrets and pour out their troubles. "And on their frame of mind often depends part of their cure," he says. He is physician for baseball's Los Angeles Dodgers, California Angels and the new San Diego Padres franchise in the National League, the Los Angeles Kings of the National Hockey League, and the Los Angeles Lakers of pro basketball. "Nobody knows us cats better than Doc," says Jim (Bad News) Barnes, the 6-feet-8, 240-pound rebounder of the Boston Celtics, formerly of the Lakers. "He fixes us up and we tell him things not even our wives know."

One 1967 night Barnes was rushed by plane from San Francisco to Kerlan, waiting in a surgical theater in Los Angeles. Basketball's strong man had completely severed his Achilles tendon. According to a sports superstition partially based on fact, anyone who ruptures the bowstring tendon extending from the foot up the calf of the leg is beyond help, finished. Barnes' Achilles tendon had snapped in a game with the San Francisco Warriors with a "pop" heard in the stands. He had lost a quart of blood and looked as if he'd been hit with a hatchet when he reached the hospital.

"You might as well shoot me," Bad News told the doctor.

"I'd like to, the way you've been missing open shots and handling the ball lately," said Kerlan. "But first we'll get you back on your feet."

"Ain't no way."

"I'd bet you," replied Kerlan, "but I'd be stealing your money."

(Speaking of the situation now, the doctor says, "It was very bad. The tendon had collapsed down and looked like a bowl of spaghetti. However, there are ways.")

Not enough tendon remained to sew together, so Kerlan built a sort of splice from surrounding tough tissue known as fascia, delicately sutured the substitute material to form a cover and threw in such touches as porcelain buttons to hold everything together. He had Bad News erect and walking on a cane in three days, true to his belief that the bed-rest theory for athletes is mostly nonsense.

Two seasons have passed and Barnes is as good as ever, operating on what amounts to 1½ Achilles tendons.

He proved it, vigorously, on a later night at the Los Angeles Forum. Kerlan always sits front-row courtside at Laker games and Bad News, on an out-of-bounds play, crashed into his benefactor, knocking Kerlan's neck out of joint

and rupturing a blood vessel in one eye and blackening it. While they gave the doc first aid, Bad News groaned, "Just my luck. Next time I go to see him, he'll use a square needle on me."

From the time he took aim on the 1968 Olympic decathlon title, Bill (Sockit) Toomey, a Laguna Beach, California, schoolteacher, 29 years old, was an all-around ruin. No one in years has come up with so many injuries and ailments. Toomey counts them off for you:

"There are 10 decathlon events and I got racked up in each during practice and in meets. The javelin throw gave me tendonitis of the elbow, the long jump gave me calcium deposits in the heels, the high hurdles gave me shin splints and in the pole vault I ripped open my leg. The sprints were good for one hamstring pull after another and the shot put made my knees and wrist puff up."

In a pre-Olympic meet in Hamburg, Germany, he limped out a loser with a new malaise: shooting pains in his hips. It appeared the 6-foot-2, 240-pound amateur could forget about victory in the Olympic Games at Mexico City.

Friends begged Toomey to see Kerlan and he did, but he felt nothing known to science could help him. After examining Toomey, Kerlan said, "You worry constantly, don't you? Can't sleep or relax?"

"That's right," said Toomey. "I'm a nervous wreck. If I don't win in this Olympics, I'll be too old to ever do it."

"You'll do it," Kerlan told him. "But first you've got to stop abusing this splendid body of yours, stop chasing around the world to meets and stay within your particular physiological limits. My first order is—do nothing. Quit competing and rest."

Trackmen believe that to break training for even a week is fatal, but Toomey was required to lay off even running for a bus for four months. Meanwhile, he received hydrocortisone shots for his elbow trouble, an experimental drug was used to treat his shin splints and special shoe cushions were built to protect his heels from shock. Toomey began to catch up on sleep as he noticed mending processes in three areas of his body.

Two months before the Olympics, Kerlan gambled and operated on another Toomey peculiarity, "joint mice" in the knee. When Bill moved one leg, it sounded like mice squealing inside. Actually loose pieces of bone were knocking against each other.

"Kerlan amazed me," says Toomey. "He had me exercising the day after the operation—lifting weights applied to the leg even while I was still in a cast. In three weeks he had me out running laps. Coaches I talked to thought he was out of his mind to rush things like that."

But, at Mexico City last October, Toomey threw the javelin a mighty 205 feet, eight inches, long-jumped almost 26 feet, ran a fabulous :45.6 in the 400 meters and beat Germany's great Hans-Joachim Walde by 82 points to take the Olympic all-around title. The oldest man to do this, he was asked by reporters how come?

"Behind every decathlon champion," declared Bill, "stands a great orthopedist."

The Professional Golfers' Association took another view of Bob Kerlan a few years back, when a 5-feet-7, 120-pound case of emaciation named Juan (Chi Chi) Rodriguez came out of Puerto Rico to steal $40,000 of tournament money. Nobody could figure how such a skin-and-bones character could slam a ball farther than Billy Casper, Gene Littler and sometimes even Julius Boros. "I

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"He's kicked cigarettes and he's kicked liquor and now he's started looking at *me* in a funny way."

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NEXT MONTH

THE COMING LEGALIZATION OF POT
By Max Gunther

Will marijuana become legal next year? Or will it take a decade? By polling legislators, judges and pot smokers, TRUE comes up with a surprising answer to a timely question.

EXPLORE THE UNDERWATER WORLD
By Coles Phinizy

A roundup of what's new and practical for scuba diving this summer, including gear for photography and a listing of the best places for underwater vacationing.

BASEBALL'S INDESTRUCTIBLE MAN
By Marshall Frady

Now 64, Satchel Paige is traveling with the Atlanta Braves. Will he get a chance to pitch? Satch figures he will surprise some doubters if he does.

SCANDINAVIA IS SEXIER THAN EVER—OR IS IT?
By David Shaber

They've got new rules on censorship in Denmark and Sweden, and practically anything goes. How much have the changes heated up the already torrid Nordic scene?

THE HOUSEBOAT CRUISE
By Roy Bongartz

TRUE's wandering writer leisurely tours the waters of Chesapeake Bay on a modern, seaworthy houseboat. Interesting sights, lots of good eating—and a boat even a lubber can manage with the greatest of ease.

have a man," said Chi Chi, secretively, "who feeds me a mystery drug. Very powerful. Makes muscle *inside* my body!"

The PGA learned the man's identity when Chi Chi dislocated his thumb. Unable to swing a club efficiently, he suddenly showed up wearing a tricky brace. The brace gave Chi Chi his game back and rival pros yelled, "It's illegal! It's artificial aid!"

"Maybe it was, maybe it wasn't," says Kerlan, grinning, "but by the time there was a rule in the books outlawing the brace we built for Chi Chi, his thumb was well. And that's what sports medicine is all about—to eliminate as many lost earning hours as possible."

On a routine day at his impressive medical facility located near Hollywood Park racetrack (the doc is a devout horseplayer and occasionally buys a thoroughbred, which under his jinxed ownership, immediately becomes a spectacular loser) you'll run across O. J. Simpson (old leg strain flaring up), Don Drysdale (symptoms of shingles), Lew Alcindor (mysterious migraine headaches), Jerry West (nose broken eight times, muscle pulls galore), bowling champ Don Carter (inflamed arm, from hooking the ball a million or two times), San Diego Padres President Buzzie Bavasi ("he drinks so much booze you can't tell where he hurts," observes Kerlan of his close pal, Bavasi) and a host of other celebs, along with high-school footballers needing knee operations, coaches seeking advice on new ideas in taping and conditioning of players and noted physical therapist Frankie O'Neil, whose roomful of healing machines and gadgets are conveniently nearby. "Doc and I once made a nose protector for Jerry West," says O'Neil, proudly. "It was better than any fancy shield on the market. We took some shears and cut up a Pepsi-Cola can, taped it and padded it and made the brace out of that. Worked just fine."

Two-time National League batting champion Tommy Davis was carried in on a May evening of 1965, a terminal case if baseball ever saw one. Even Kerlan blanched at what he saw.

From sliding into second base and catching his spikes, Davis had pieces of ankle bone jutting through the skin of his ankle. "His whole foot was pushed back so far and dislocated that the sole of his foot was facing his face," says Kerlan. "Trainers at the ball park had tried to pull the foot forward, but it was such a terrible fracture that they became sick looking at it."

Ace slugger of the Dodgers, Davis cried out for assurance from Kerlan that he'd play again—and he got it. "You'll get back in the lineup this season," vowed Kerlan, where another physician would have refused any commitment whatever.

There followed one of the most complicated operations Kerlan has yet attempted. Then Davis spent 12 weeks in a cast and emerged barely able to put weight on the foot. The Dodgers wrote him off. "I'd have bet anything Tommy was done for. Which meant the loss of a $500,000 ballplayer," says Bavasi, who at the time was operations chief of the Dodgers.

It's in the record that Davis played again that same season, in late September. In 1966 he was in 100 games and among the league leaders with a .313 average. Yet the Dodgers—against Kerlan's advice to keep the faith—couldn't believe a man so badly hurt could be a whole ballplayer and wouldn't come up lame at any time. They traded him to the New York Mets.

Davis says: "Maybe next time they'll listen to the doc." In 1967 the outfielder had a .302 mark and outhit anybody on the Dodger club in singles, doubles, home runs, runs-batted-in and average. A genuine medical marvel, he is still going strong despite a trace of a limp.

Bob Kerlan has no trouble inspiring people to bear their wounds with courage. For he, himself, is a hopeless cripple.

During his sophomore year in college, he contracted incurable rheumatoid arthritis of the spine and for 29 years has suffered steady pain and a progressive curvature of the back which now leaves him bent over like an old man. The disease has moved into his hips and shoulders. "I've seen him take 30 aspirin in one day in an effort to control the pain," says Bill Buhler, a Dodger trainer. "I've never heard him complain or let people know how much he hurts though."

A tall, handsome man—"I'm 6-feet-3, actually, but only about 5-10, if you measure me on the curve," the doctor tells you cheerfully—he is forced to rock back on his heels and tilt up his chin to look you in the eye. Arthritic cases who come his way and can be helped get the benefit of his constant experimentation with new drugs, such as Butazolidin, the same drug given Dancer's Image, the disqualified Kentucky Derby winner of last year. "It's an anti-inflammatory agent," he says. "But who knows what'll be discovered tomorrow?"

As a boy in the northern Minnesota backwoods, Kerlan studied under a doctor father who was paid 50 cents for an office and $1 for a house call and took many of his fees from impoverished farmers in turkeys, milk and potatoes. Lanky and speedy, Kerlan was one of the state's top basketball high schoolers. When he landed in Los Angeles to study medicine at UCLA, he continued to play ball—so much so that at one point he was in danger of flunking out—but then came the arthritis tragedy. "Damn, how I hated to be struck down," he once said. "Yet it drove me harder to make something of myself and I learned how a handicap can become a lifelong asset."

Browsing among the various specialties, "like a light bulb going on," he decided to become an orthopedist, chiefly because here you could see a physical problem, make roentgenograms of it, decide on procedure, go in and tackle the problem, put a cast on it, X-ray the result and learn almost at once what kind of job you'd done. Orthopedists are like carpenters or cabinetmakers. "We use screws, saws, chisels, hammers, bolts, hinges, planes and nails and we're always cutting bone and fitting it together."

His advent into sawing on and generally reconstructing athletes was on the ignominious side. Kerlan had a major repu-

tation when the Dodgers moved west from Brooklyn in 1958. Owner Walter O'Malley and Buzzie Bavasi didn't realize that Kerlan was a big name when he first made contact with them. "Maybe I can help you people," Kerlan suggested. The Dodger brass hats said they didn't know whether they could afford a house doctor for customers who fainted or fell ill during games.

"Hell, I'm not applying to put cold compresses on the fans!" exploded Kerlan, indignantly. "I'm offering to help your ballplayers!"

Signed on a retainer basis, his first emergency came when second baseman Charlie Neal was struck by a pitch and collapsed at the plate. Kerlan rushed out and, finding Neal stiff as a plank and his eyes closed, assumed he was either unconscious or deceased. But then one eyelid fluttered. "Can you hear me, Charlie?" pleaded Kerlan. "If you can, nod your head." Neal nodded.

"Can you speak?" asked Kerlan. Neal replied faintly, "Y-e-s-s." Fifty thousand fans joined Kerlan in silent fright as he probed the body and then asked Neal to point to the place where the ball hit him, if he possibly could.

Neal didn't point. "It hit me on the wrist," he said.

Kerlan couldn't believe he'd heard correctly. "It hit you *where?*" he cried.

"On the wrist."

"Get up, you —— bum!" roared Kerlan, his ears and neck burning. "Get down to first base and don't ever speak to me again."

Neal, who'd thrown up his hand to block a beanball and literally had been scared stiff by the experience, fled.

Kerlan had the crowd laughing at him all the way to the dugout.

From vast experience, Bob Kerlan takes the stand that old-time heroes who played with fierce wounds, only sticking plaster over them, could well be emulated today by pampered hypochondriacs who spend half their waking hours in whirlpool baths or under ultrasound and diathermy machines. Medical malingerers get short shrift from him. National jockey champ Walter Blum once suffered a compression fracture of the sixth vertebra and two fractured ribs in a fall. Two months later Kerlan had him in the saddle again and Blum himself found it hard to believe that he went on to lead three straight race meetings in Chicago and New York.

Former jockey patients of his are always being hired—on hunches—by the doc to ride horses he has purchased. In this case he put Blum on one of his "can't lose" nags, named Buzz Top, and bet a good bundle on the combination. "In an eight-horse field," says Kerlan, "they finished eighth, just before sunset."

Aside from the famous case of Sandy Koufax's left index finger, which suffered a rare arterial blockage identified at last by Kerlan as Reynaud's Phenomenon—and to which last minute application of exotic drugs averted amputation of the digit—the case this physician is best remembered for is that of Elgin Baylor. With bad legs under him already, the Laker forward ripped off the upper eighth of his kneecap in a 1965 game with Baltimore. When Kerlan reached the hospital, Baylor was perched on one foot, groaning with pain, while a fussy registration nurse insisted he fill out a long form listing his occupation and ancestry.

Tearing up the form, Kerlan hustled the all-pro into a brightly-lit room and did what other medics who've examined the case call nearly impossible. Removing the broken part of the kneecap, Kerlan smoothed off the remainder, drilled holes in it and reattached the many torn tendons. While he was inside, he also removed shards of calcium which had been giving Baylor fits. It took two hours and, as Baylor has remarked, "The insurance company couldn't believe the bill when it came in."

Four seasons later, Baylor was still playing with youthful zeal.

By saving Koufax for four years with the Dodgers, during which Sandy led the way to three World Series, the doctor made a $30,000,000 move, it is estimated. A World Series' value to a community is placed at about $10,000,000.

Throw in the gold-plated Willie Shoemaker, and maybe it would be wise to hire a few doctors to follow Bob Kerlan around, to prevent *him* from falling sick.

"But," he says, rocking back on his heels and tipping his chin so that he can look at you, "I feel just fine and dandy." **—Al Stump**

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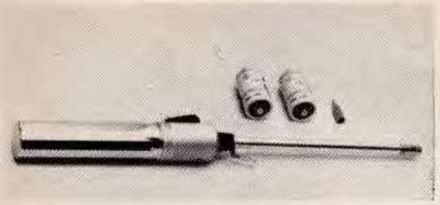

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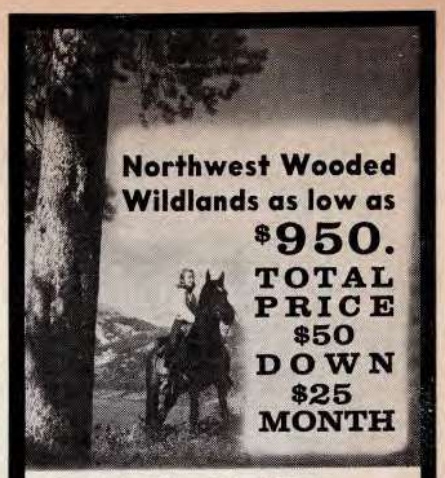

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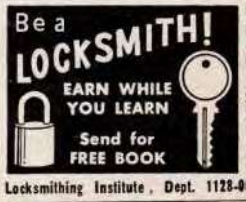

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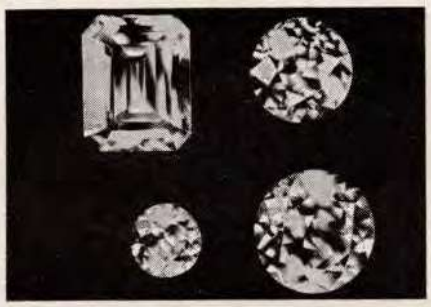

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STRANGE BUT TRUE

By John Dubarry

Demographers—they keep count of people—warn that the world is getting crowded, but they don't mean for lack of room. The earth's entire present population of 3½ billion human beings, in all their varieties and colors—pink, black, yellow, red, brown—could be settled together in just one corner of the U.S.A. Alaska, with over half a million square miles of land and few inhabitants, could provide every living man, woman and child with 4,500 square feet of space, equivalent to a 60 by 75-foot lot. They'd be little more crowded than residents of New York's large metropolitan area whose individual shares of space now average 5,216 square feet. If, for a warmer environment, the whole human race were moved instead into Texas, they'd still have 2,093 square feet each . . . about as much as the 2,240 feet occupied by people in the District of Columbia.

That glaciers "give up their prey" many years after the victim has fallen into a deep crevasse has long been a common belief. The frozen body is supposed to be delivered, perfectly preserved, at the foot of the glacier when the slowly moving ice has progressed down its mountain valley. The notion arose from a geologist's prediction strikingly fulfilled a century ago. In the 1840's Prof. James Forbes made the first scientific measurements of glacier movement in the Alps. Applying his calculations to an 1820 tragedy—the loss of three men in a Glacier des Bossons crevasse—he stated the then-novel theory that their remains would emerge after some 40 years. In 1863 a body was found partly exposed in the glacier foot. The sensational find launched a romantic belief in glacial resurrection. Actually, glaciers are decidedly untidy in their workings. The 1863 find proved to be only a fragment of a body. For two more years, a few gruesome bits and pieces appeared—a hand here, a leg there. The fact was established that ice usually moves unequally, rending anything embedded in it. In 1866 another crevasse victim was lost, and a predicted recovery made in 1897, again much mangled. Just one exception has been recorded. In 1933 Yosemite Park naturalists were surprised to see a mountain-sheep ram observing them from Lyell Glacier. They found it was an intact mummy, the feet still locked in melting ice that had entombed it for somewhere between 50 and 250 years. The Yosemite museum prizes this sole specimen of a victim that a glacier gave back intact.

Throwing quoits is a sport that seldom results in cutthroat competition, which is just as well, because the quoit has been one of the deadliest missiles ever devised by man. Some authorities say it originated as a hole-pierced version of the Greek discus, tossed by Roman army officers at a peg as a game. But 1,000 years earlier, the Hindus of India had a quoit that was no plaything. Their four-armed god Vishnu reputedly brandished in one right hand the quoit that was his particular weapon, "terrible as lightning." The Hindus' quoit, called *chakra*, was a flattened metal ring some 10 inches across, its outer edge honed razor-sharp. In war, the chakra was flung spinning at an enemy with great force. The quoit warrior hung half a dozen chakras on his left arm; taking a chakra between right thumb and forefinger, he turned shoulders leftward, then with backhand arm motion and a full body swing, slung his quoit forward horizontally. He aimed it shoulder-high to meet an enemy throat. This whirling meat slicer was, of course, fearsome at any angle, for it slashed whatever it touched and caromed off to other targets. Archery and gunpowder obsoleted the chakra, but in the 17th century it was taken up again by religious militants named Sikhs. They made it also a badge of honor; Sikh soldiers in the British Army wore turbans adorned with two miniature quoits, and Sikh temple guards' turbans today bear a large one. Annually in northern India at a Sikh festival, expert throwers cut off ¾-inch bamboo stalks at 100 feet—a quoit contest fortunately without grudge matches.

Funerals in Venice go by water, a circumstance not strange in itself—considering that many Venice streets are liquid—but unusual in several aspects. The hearse is either a gondola or a barge-shaped craft, draped in black and silver, on which the coffin rests in the open; a gondola bearing flowers follows, then the mourners' gondolas. All are rowed by standing men in slow and solemn rhythm as the funeral procession glides through canals and across open water to San Michele cemetery island. The funeral equipment is city-owned, rented for moderate fees. A private burial society to which many Venetians belong is privileged to operate its own motorboat-hearse. Membership in the society costs 80 cents a year—making the society's standard waterborne funeral, furnished to all members alike, probably the world's cheapest.

The right man in the wrong job is often compared to a peg and a hole of dissimilar shapes. English millwrights, the master carpenters who built windmills centuries ago, wouldn't have thought of it in quite the same way. They fastened the massive timbers of their mills with wooden pins—iron spikes being scarce and expensive—that were jumbo-size versions of the modern dowel pin. These "trenails," literally tree nails, were hewed four-sided from oak or, later, American locust. After auguring their timbers, millwrights joined them by the then orthodox method. They drove square pegs into round holes. The angular trenails gave a better clutch for windmills' motion-wracked frames than imperfectly rounded ones. Subsequently, round trenails won preference when easily produced with the peg cutter. This was a steel ring, with sharpened upper edge, through which a roughly trimmed stick could be hammered, to emerge truly circular. Soon the square peg was forgotten . . . although, in a round hole, it once did all right.

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